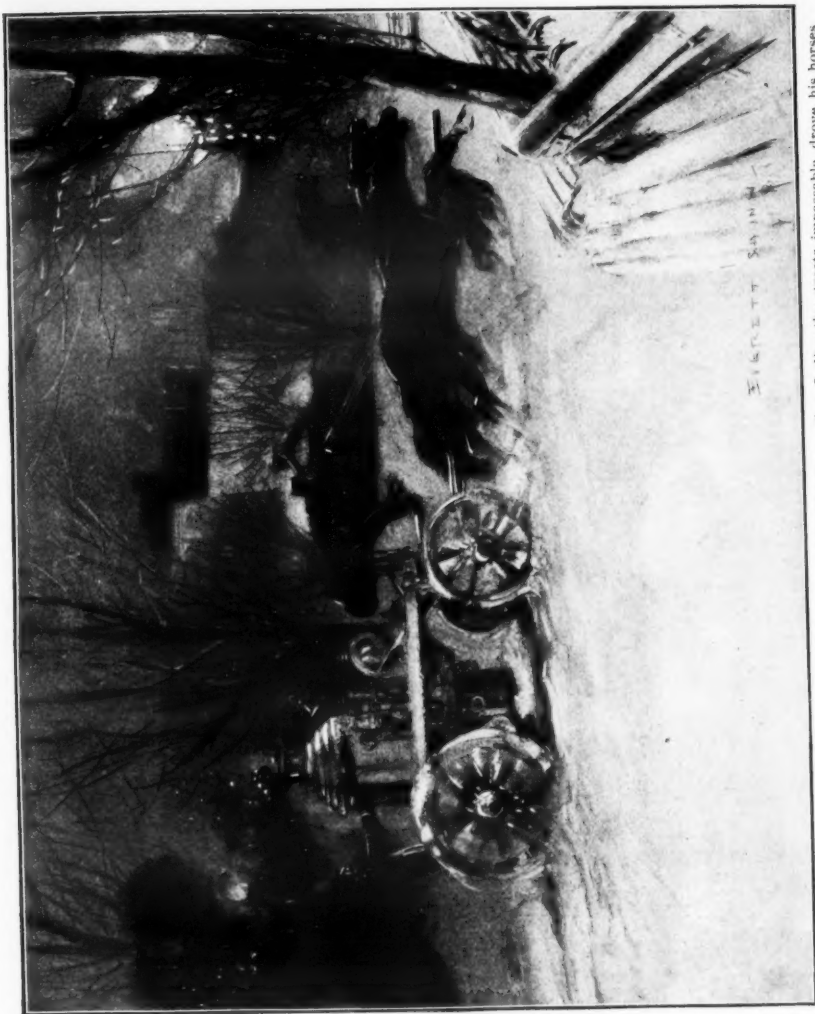


AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1899

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In answering an alarm during the blizzard of 1899, the driver of a fire-engine, finding the streets impassable, drove his horses through Union Square Park, New York, galloping over walks and lawns pell-mell.

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Simpson photo.

A Fire in a Warehouse on one of the New York Docks.

MODERN FIRE FIGHTING

By HUGH BONNER

CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE old city of New York, now known as the Borough of Manhattan, has undergone rapid changes during the past ten years in the matter of the demolishing of its old buildings and the erection of the modern office building—a fact realized by but few outside of those furnishing the capital invested in these improvements, or those whose immediate vicinity is affected by the transformation.

Time has erased many of the landmarks familiar to the old residents of

New York, and in their stead has reared the imposing structures commonly known as "sky-scrapers," erected under plans known as the steel cage construction, built mainly for office uses, though many are now designed as well for storage, warehouse and general mercantile purposes.

These massive buildings, welded and riveted together as they are by a mass of iron beams and girders, now rise to a height of over 300 feet, and this wonder-



A Driver.

ful structure of iron is enclosed within four solid walls, and, under the recent improvements developed in the process of the manufacture of steel, can be erected to an unlimited height, should occasion require.

The elevator is, perhaps, the most potent factor in this question of height, and because of the improvements continually being added affecting its movements by the use of electricity and other

means, which insure safety without a lessening of speed—one finds it as feasible to reach the twenty-fifth story as in the old days to mount the lower ones. I think, therefore, that the elevator has done more than anything else, except the developments in process of manufacturing steel, to make these dizzy altitudes possible.

For a number of years past, the question of fire in such tall structures has been a serious one to fire officials. Within, the office building is comparatively safe from fire, and could be rendered effectually so if additional care were taken to establish a proper watch during the day, in conjunction with an auxiliary plan, to be operated day and night by the power and its machinery within the building itself. In many cases this has been done; but there still remain many who have failed to adopt any measures for their own protection. When a fire once gains any considerable headway in a neighboring building of the older class, it is very likely to extend by the side and end windows into the loftier adjoining building, with the serious result in loss and heavy damage to the latter.

When such a fire occurs the first movement on the part of the fire official in command is to detail a part of his force to enter the tall building, which while holding such position must make every effort to protect it from its dangerous neighbor.

We have the same experience with the warehouse, storage and factory buildings,

constructed of like materials, with this difference, however, that a fire in the latter class is usually far more destructive and greater hardship results to the firemen, as the stock is generally very heavy, composed largely of combustibles, and when once it attains any headway, makes an intense fire, and the construction of the building is such that when once the heat is generated within, it remains there for an unlimited time, forcing the firemen, in many instances, to abandon their work, as they are unable either to enter or maintain a footing on the floor, owing to the intensity of the heat generated and maintained within these iron frames and brick walls, and, oftentimes, for this very reason, the entire stock on these floors is consumed.

It has been a source of no little anxious study on the part of the fire officials to keep the department abreast of the times and the improvements of recent years. To meet the present exigencies, we have adopted heavy calibre engines of greater capacity than ever before used in this city, with corresponding equipment, so that we might attack a fire with some success in these high buildings with the apparatus of the department. This, of course, necessitates a far greater amount of work, for this requires the use and stretching of long lines of larger hose, the hoisting of this hose to a height uncalled-for before; to do which we need a larger force of men, as, too, an increased capacity in the pumping power to force water through lines of hose to a height of more than one hundred feet.

To successfully combat a fire in a building having an altitude of over one hundred feet, not only more men are needed, but a more powerful apparatus and a greater volume of water than in fighting fires in the old-time structures—not alone because of the height, but the area is extended, and the values are



The Oldest Man in the Service.



Photo by Davis & Sanford.

Hugh Bonner.

Chief of Fire Department, New York City.

concentrated on the floors of these larger areas, where formerly they were scattered throughout the entire building of the ordinary size. The greater the area, the greater the difficulty within the high building, for the heat is maintained for a longer period, the increased area requires longer time to reach, and the incapacity of the ordinary engine in such cases is plainly demonstrated.

This naturally brings up the question of the ability of the department's present machinery to cope successfully with fires in the modern building.

The steam fire engine, while very complete in all its appointments, has almost reached the limit of its useful capacity as an all-around apparatus for general use.

The engine of the present day is also deemed inadequate on some occasions to

combat successfully with fire in these tall buildings when great power and forcing capacity are required, and the question of an auxiliary plan, with an abundant supply of water, has thus been brought before the city authorities for consideration. The plan suggested is the underground pipe system supplied with high pressure service and laid expressly to withstand the severe strain likely to be placed on it in any sections of the city, and is recommended as the most feasible auxiliary to the present system.

With this plan of underground pipes, tested to a high pressure, (such pressure to be maintained by pumping machinery), and an abundant supply of water, either cistern or salt, we could not only cope with any fire that might occur in the highest of our office buildings, but with



Detroit Opera House Fire, October 7, 1897.

Ten story steel framed storage warehouse, twenty feet in rear of Opera House.

those as well that are used for warehouse and mercantile purposes.

There is an imperative need at the present time for just such a system in many sections of our city to enable the department more successfully to cope with fires. It should be introduced gradually, displacing many of the large engines now maintained and operated by the department at great disadvantage, particularly so in season of heavy snowfalls, such as we have just passed through, though we have managed, with the aid of triple teams, to haul these heavy engines to fires, notwithstanding the obstacles encountered during the recent winter. Nevertheless, the time has arrived when the steam engine should be displaced by the gradual introduction of the underground system, using either fresh or salt water. No other city in the world is favored with so abundant a supply of water as we have surrounding our city, and this advantage should be utilized to the extent of giving that protection to this city which its improvements and valuations so justly demand.

The record will show that the department has already applied for the underground system. The city, however, has just adopted a new system of routine work, which requires the applicants to present their plans for improvements, first, to the Board of Public Improvements, then to the Municipal Assembly; then to the Mayor. After approval, they are returned for final adoption—all of which, naturally, takes a great deal of time.

The system of organization as developed in the past few years has given more ample protection to the city by locating fire companies in the most congested parts of the city, as well as in those sections which contain great values, apartments, tenements and private residences.

Each company so located is fully equipped and maintained to a high standard of efficiency, and is held directly responsible for the handling and care of fires occurring in its immediate vicinity. By means of this system they are enabled to keep pace with the improvements constantly made in the city. In not a few instances we have given up our fire houses



At the Windsor Hotel Fire in New York City, March 17, 1899.

to permit of these improvements; nevertheless, we have always managed to locate in their immediate vicinity, rendering protection to life and property for miles around. We also endeavor in some cases to precede the improvements by selecting sites for company quarters rather in advance of the surroundings, though in some cases, I am sorry to say, we have not been so fortunate. Yet, no blame can attach on this account to the fire officials, as they have tried by every possible means to obtain sites and erect in localities where property needed protection. These matters, however, are not always within the control of the department, as in many cases the neighbors in whose vicinity the sites were selected for fire houses made such objections the department was obliged to go elsewhere.

In addition to these endeavors to keep abreast of the times, I might add, that there has been a very material change in the character of the apparatus, hose and other appliances of the fire department. Instead of the engine of twelve years ago which had a capacity of 500 to 700 gallons (which, in those days, was considered ample), we are to-day operating a machine twice the size, which can force 1,100 gallons of water per minute, resulting, of course, in a greater delivery. There are, however, many sections where

this power cannot be utilized solely because of the inadequate supply of water—a fact demonstrated within a short time at some of our great fires, when these engines were unable to force a stream of water higher than the third story, owing to the lack of water at hand.

A total of 1,250 officers and firemen are employed in the Borough of Manhattan and Bronx.

The department is divided into sixty-eight engine companies, including four fire boats, twenty-three hook and ladders, two double chemical engines, three water towers, two boat tenders. These companies are composed of from ten to twelve men, except those for the water towers and chemical engines, which are operated by a smaller number. They are organized into fifteen battalions of from five to eight companies each. Every company is governed by a chief. The battalions are again subdivided into three divisions each, commanded by deputy chiefs, and the whole is under the command of the chief of the department.

The force is gathered from the ranks of mechanics mainly, such as truckmen, drivers, carpenters, riggers, machinists, boatmen and longshoremen. These men are selected from the Civil Service list, and are put upon a probationary term of thirty days, that is, assigned to a school of instruction, and to a fire company for



Drilling School Children to Escape From a Fire.

light service. If, at the end of this trial period, they are recommended by the officer in charge of the school, as well as the company officer, and show proficiency in the use of the life-saving appliances (in which they are instructed during the thirty days), they are regularly appointed as firemen and assigned for duty to a regular company. Then, by good conduct and action, they have the opportunity to elevate themselves to the highest position within the gift of the Civil Service or the Commissioner, who has the right to promote.

Now, a man to follow the profession, must be a man physically well developed and of undoubted nerve and courage. He must not hesitate to take his life in his hands at any time. This is proved by his courageous use of the life-saving appliances, as shown by the record in the school of instruction. If a man be timid or weak, or defective by nature, this will be developed in the course of instruction, and will cause his rejection at the expiration of the probationary term.

There is a vast difference between the points of view of the public and the firemen. On occasion of fire, when circumstances combine to bring a member of the force into special prominence, he is looked upon as a hero and much is made of his daring, his coolness and quick resourcefulness. No man is more astonished by

the noise of public approval than the cause of it. He knows that he has done nothing unusual, and that his act, whatever it may have been, would be duplicated by any member of the force, should it be demanded. If coolness in the face of danger, agility and forgetfulness of the

presence of death, make heroes, then of course the force of firemen is composed of heroes; but to them there is nothing unusual or heroic in the special act that awakens the enthusiasm of the world. In fighting a fire it is a battle between men and an element. Nothing is thought of but the overthrow of the element. The fire must be met and not followed. The principal attack is made on the windward side where the smoke and heat and fury of the enemy is greatest. The men know that this advancing, devouring foe must be overcome or it will overcome them, and in their silent, steady confronting of smoke that suffocates and heat that maddens, there is more courage shown than in the more spectacular work of life saving. There is no member of the force that looks



Byron photo.

A Scene at the Delavan House Fire, Albany, N. Y.

upon himself as in any way a hero, but they all take the hourly possibility of death for granted and have pride only in being reliable and competent firemen.

The winters of 1898 and 1899 will be memorable in the history of the department on account of the heavy falls of

snow, the intensity of the cold, and the number of destructive fires, the great loss of life, as also the constant alarms—to which ready responses have always been made. In these respects, it beats the record, though in the early history of the department, after '65, we had such severe winters and such heavy snowfalls, that we had great inconvenience in getting our apparatus to the scene of the fire, as the snow in those days was never removed and invariably allowed to melt in the streets.

Notwithstanding the heavy strain put upon us on account of the severity of the winter, we were so thoroughly equipped to meet all such emergencies that we have managed to pull through with comparatively small damage to the city. The companies are constantly maintaining and using triple teams, and have at hand all the extras required, such as additional horses, men and appliances.

It has been asked if the delay in sending out the alarm was not the chief cause of the destruction of the Windsor Hotel. I think, however, that the total loss was due to its peculiar construction. It was built in accordance with the laws existing previous to 1872, and, possibly, was as good a building as could be erected under

that act, yet the omission of interior walls and the continuous corridors throughout, the different wings in the buildings, the construction of its elevators and stairways, all tended to make it an easy prey to fire.

Old New York was protected against fire by the volunteer system. Its equipment was extremely simple—hose carriers, and

what was known as the "Goose-neck," "double-decker," "piano deck," "hay wagon," and "shanghai" engines. The water was supplied from wells and cisterns by means of buckets and suction. As many as half a dozen engines would be arranged in line, and the first would be supplied with water by means of buckets, then discharged into the second engine, and so on, until the stream issuing from the last engine was directed on the fire itself. In many cases salt water was used, where the fire was adjacent to the river, on either side of the city, and salt water could be conveniently obtained.

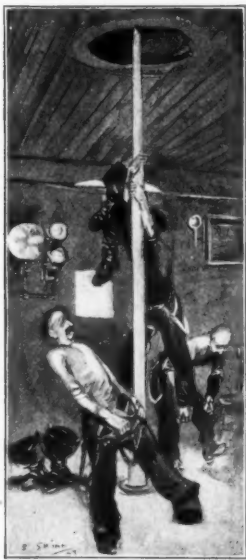
This mode of extinguishing fires was in vogue for many years, but after the introduction of Croton water in 1842 the engines were usually supplied from the hydrants, but the old way of passing water from engine to engine was, in some instances, continued.

Gradually the improved conditions in old New York called for more effective means of treating with the fire question, and the antique "goose-neck" engine was displaced by many of the engines above enumerated which were of heavier calibre and greater capacity. These, in turn, were superseded by the steam fire engine, which, conceived in the early fifties, gradually worked its way into favor. At first it was a very crude affair, and was bitterly opposed by the volunteers, as a pointed innovation against their system, but when they realized that but one-third the force of men was required by this new machine, and that it could be operated successfully in all kinds of weather, they were the first to admit their mistake.

As an illustration of the early antagonism to the introduction of the steam fire engine, I well remember an occasion in the early fifties, when New York received a visit from the Miles Greenwood self-propelling steam fire engine of Cincinnati. It was brought here by a challenge from the Exempt fire company, who were operating the most powerful hand engine



A Rescue.



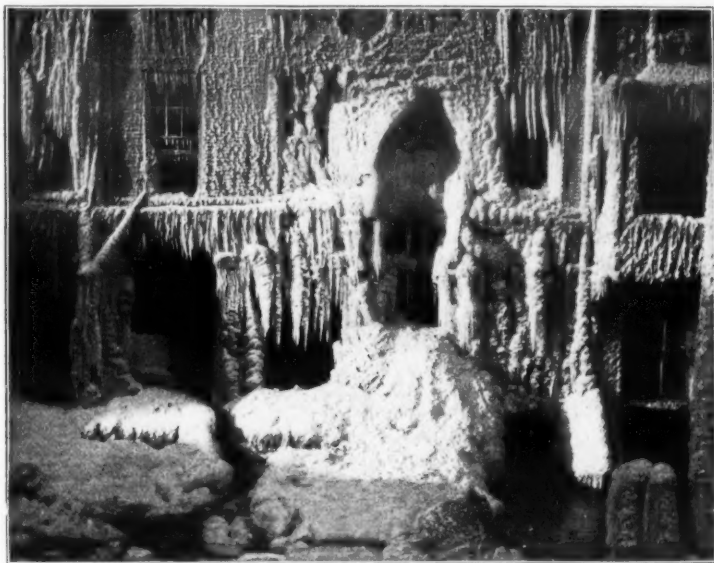
The Sliding Pole.

then known, called the "hay wagon"—a side-stroke, double-decker, with immense power. The play match occurred in front of the city hall, the Miles Greenwood engine taking water from a cistern on the west of the building, and the "hay wagon" from a cistern on the east. Lines of hose were stretched to the front of the city hall building, and the water was started. There were enormous crowds gathered to watch the contest, and the most intense excitement prevailed. For the first ten minutes the engines ran very evenly, both throwing streams to about

to London to the Crystal Palace, to be entered into the playing contest; but, owing to an accident, the trial, unfortunately, could not take place.

From that time on the steam fire engine had the right of way, and even as early as '65 there were some twenty-five steam fire engines in use by the department, operated entirely by volunteers.

By this time the steam fire engine had become perfected, and was finally adopted for exclusive use by the Metropolitan Fire Department, and has been maintained until the present time. It is to-



Simpson photo.

Scene After a Fire in Lower New York.

the same height. Then the water from the Greenwood engine began to creep up the dome, gradually leaving its rival below, and finally reaching the Goddess of Liberty, must have astonished her with a bath. The stream played over the figure for nearly thirty minutes. This was really the introduction of the steam fire engine in the city of New York, as the insurance companies, through whose efforts the Miles Greenwood was brought here, purchased the first one and secured its operation. It was given in charge to Engine Company No. 8. It was built by Lee & Larned, and was afterwards sent

day, perhaps, the most perfect and complete specimen of mechanical construction adapted for this purpose.

The change from the "goose-neck" to the modern engine was made necessary by the growth of the city, and the further progress of civilization will demand a yet greater advance in the methods of protecting property from fire.

The old methods of discovering and announcing fire were, indeed, very primitive compared with those in use to-day. The only fire alarm system in New York was once the bell towers. They were built throughout the city, each containing

a lookout for a watchman, day and night, who, upon seeing a fire, any unusual smoke, or sign of fire in his neighborhood, sounded the alarm by ringing the bell. The companies of that district would respond. A general alarm was sounded by a continuous ringing of the bell. These bells weighed from 2,500 to 10,000 pounds, and could be heard all over the city. This system continued until 1873, when the bells were silenced, and the towers dismantled. There is but one remaining on Mount Morris Park.

The present system of electric alarms was then employed. The call is sent through a street box to the central office, and from there distributed to engine houses throughout the city. These boxes

are now keyless, operated by anybody opening the door and pulling the key once. This operation starts the machinery in the box, registering its number on a tape at headquarters, and from there it is sent by different circuits to all the companies.

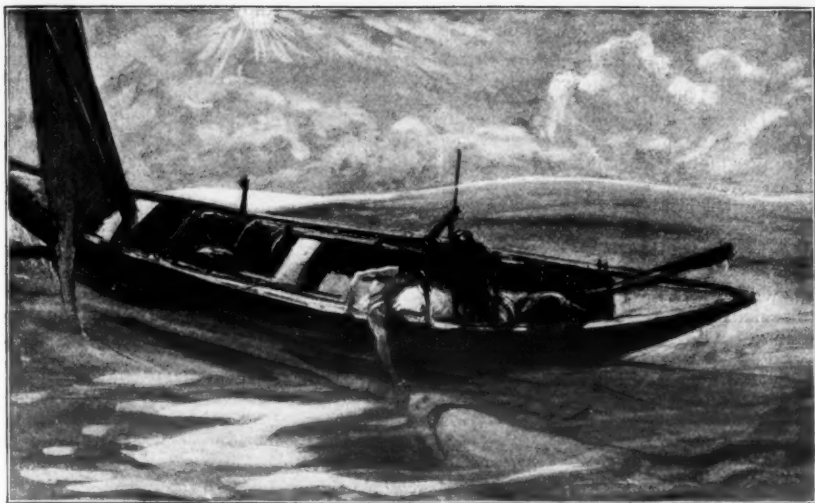
I do not believe in attempting to keep the world back for fear it will outgrow the fire department. I hold to the theory that whatever man can build for his greater convenience, utility and real profit, the fire department must learn to protect. If the ancients of New York had been listened to, the contractors and corporations would have been compelled to keep step with the bucket brigade and no building would have been allowed to bully the "goose-neck" engine.

Amos A. Bronner
Chief of Dept. (D. B. B.)

SUBMISSION

BY MAUDE L. SELVEY

Teach me to question not, or seek to swing
 Aside the valance Thou hast hung between
 My vision and the outcome of Thy plan.
 Time's wintry day is brief; Eternity's
 Bright summer long; then rather let me learn
 The lesson of contentment and firm trust
 In Thee, the faithful Guardian of my days.
 Whate'er the end, I can but do my best;
 Failing in this I could not happy be,
 Were all the mysteries that vex and fret
 Made clear as day. Alone on mountain heights
 The soft-eyed flowers in watchless beauty bloom,
 Ungathered and unseen, but question not.
 Deep in the forest's heart the wildwood bird,
 Unheard by man pours forth his sweetest song—
 No doubt to mar his pulsing note of joy.
 I, too, would faithful be, whate'er betide,
 And aid in my small way Thy purpose grand,
 Content to work, to love, to smile or weep,
 Until the Sunlit Isles all things reveal.



"The shark made a sudden rush for the bait."

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS

BY LOUIS BECKE AND WALTER JEFFERY

SOME yarns of an exceedingly tough and Munchausen-like character have been spun—and printed—by men of their adventures in Australian waters, or in the South Seas, but an examination of such stories by anyone with personal knowledge of the Pacific and Australasia has soon, and very deservedly so, knocked the bottom out of them. Yet there are stories of South Sea adventure, well authenticated, which are not a whit less wonderful than the most marvelous falsehood that any man "has yet told and lived." And the story of what befell John Renton is one of them. A file of the *Queenslander* (the leading Queensland weekly newspaper) for 1875 will corroborate his story; for that paper gave the best account of his adventures in one of their November (1875) numbers, and the story was copied into nearly every paper in Australasia.

Like Harry Bluff, John Renton "when a boy left his friends and his home, o'er the wild ocean waves all his life for to

roam." Renton's home was in Stromness, in the Orkneys, and he shipped on board a vessel bound to Sydney, in 1867, as an ordinary seaman, he being then a lad of eighteen. When in Sydney he got about among the boarding houses, in "sailor town," and one morning woke up on the forecastle of the *Reynard* of Boston, bound on a cruise for guano among the South Pacific Islands.

Renton had been crimped, and, finding himself where he was, bothered no more about it, but went cheerfully to work, not altogether displeased at the prospect of new adventures, which would enable him, by-and-by, to go back to the old folks with plenty of dollars, and a stock of startling yarns to reel off. He was a steady, straightforward lad, though somewhat thoughtless at times, and resolved to be a steady, straightforward man. The vessel first went to the Sandwich Islands, and there shipped a gang of Hawaiian natives to help load the guano. Then she sailed away to the southward for McKean's Is-

land, one of the Phoenix Group, situated about lat. $30^{\circ} 35' S.$, and long. $174^{\circ} 20' W.$

On board the *Reynard* was an old salt known to all hands as "Boston Ned." He had been a whaler in his time, had deserted, and spent some years beach-combing among the island of the South Seas. And very soon, through his specious tongue, he had all hands wishing themselves clear of the "old hooker," and enjoying life in the islands instead of cruising about, hazed here and there and everywhere by the mates of the *Reynard*, whose main purpose in life was to knock a man down in order to make him "sit up." Presently three or four of the hands became infatuated with the idea of settling on an island; and Old Ned, nothing loth, undertook to take charge of the party if they would make an attempt to clear from the ship. The old man had taken a fancy to young Renton. And the youngster, when the idea was imparted to him, fell in with it enthusiastically; for he was exasperated with the treatment he had received on board the guano-man (the after-guard of an American guano ship are a rough lot). The ship was lying on and off the land, there being no anchorage, and before the plan had been discussed more than a few hours, the men, five persons in all, determined to put it into execution.

A small whaleboat was towing astern of the vessel, in case the wind should fall light and the ship drift in too close to the shore. It was a fine night, with a light breeze, and there was, they thought, a good chance of getting to the southward to one of the Samoan Group, where they could settle; or, by shipping on board a trading schooner there, might later on strike some other island to their fancy.

By stealth they managed to stow in the boat a couple of small breakers of water, holding, together, sixteen gallons, and the fore-castle bread barge, with biscuits enough for three meals a day per man for ten days. They managed also to steal four hams, and each man brought pipes, tobacco and matches. A harpoon with some line, an old galley frying pan, mast, sail and oars, and some blankets completed the equipment. For they took no compass, though they made several attempts to get at one slung in the cabin, and tried at first to take one out of the poop binnacle, but the officer of the watch

on deck was too wide awake for them to risk that, and the cabin compass was screwed to the roof close to the skipper's berth. So the old man who was their leader, old sailor and whaler as he was, actually gave up the idea of taking a compass, and these people without more ado one night slipped over the side into the whale boat, cut the painter, and by daylight the boat was out of sight of land and of the ship. They were sailing upon the Pacific, running six or seven miles before a strong northeast breeze and expecting to sight land in less than a week, and were already anticipating the freedom and luxury of island life in store for them.

Three days later it fell calm, and they had to take to the oars. The sun was perpendicular, the sea a sheet of glass reflecting back upon them the ball of fire overhead. Now and again a catspaw would ripple across the plain of water, but there were no clouds, there was no sight of land. They kept on pulling. For three—for four days—a week—for ten days—they tugged at the oars, except when a favoring breeze came. The water was reduced to a few pints, the food to a few days' half rations. Their limbs were cramped, so that they could not move from their places in the boat, their bodies were becoming covered with sores, and the wind had now died away entirely; the sea was without a ripple, and forever shone above them the fierce, hot sun.

Gradually it had dawned upon them that they were lost—that perhaps they had run past Samoa. The insanity of their adventure gave place to despair, and by degrees their despair grew to madness of a more awful kind.

On the fifteenth day there appeared to the south and east a low, dark-gray cloud. "Land at last!" was the unspoken thought in each man's heart as he looked at his comrade, but feared to voice his hope. And presently the cloud grew darker and more clearly defined, and one of the men, the next oldest to the author of all their miseries, fell upon his weak and trembling knees and raised his hands in thankfulness and prayer to the Almighty. Alas! it was not land, but the ominous forerunner of the fierce and sweeping mid-equatorial gale, which lay veiled behind. In less than half an hour it came upon and smote them with savage fury, and the little boat was running before a howl-

ing gale and a maddened, foam-whipped sea.

And then it happened that, ill and suffering as he was from the agonies of hunger and thirst, the heroic nature of old "Boston Ned" came out, and his bold sailor's heart cheered and encouraged his wretched, despairing companions. All that night, and for the greater part of the following day he stood in the stern sheets, grasping the bending steer oar as the boat swayed and surged along before the gale, and constantly watching lest she should broach to and smother in the roaring seas. The others lay in the bottom, feebly bailing out the water, encouraged, urged and

them knew even approximately the course for the nearest land. Search the cloudless vault of blue above, or scan the shimmering sea-rim till their aching eyes dropped from out their hollowing sockets, there was no clue.

Twenty days out the last particle of food and water had been consumed, and though the boat was now steering as near westward as old Ned could judge, before a gentle southeast trade, madness and despair were coming quickly upon them, and on the twenty-third day two of the five miserable creatures began to drink copiously of salt water—the drink of death.



"All that night he stood in the stern sheets, grasping the bending steer oar."

driven to that exertion by the gallant old American seaman.

Towards noon the wind moderated; in the afternoon it died away altogether, and again the boat lay rising and falling to the long Pacific swell, and "Boston Ned" flung his exhausted frame down in the stern sheets and slept.

Again the blood-red sun leaped from a sea of glassy smoothness—for the swell had subsided during the night—and again the wretched men looked into each other's dreadful faces and mutely asked what was to be done. How should they head the boat? Without a compass they might as well steer one way as another, for none of

Renton, though he had suffered to the bitter full from the agonies of body and mind endured by his shipmates, was not one of these, and by a merciful Providence remained sane enough to turn his face away from the water. But, as he lay crouched in a heap in the bottom of the boat, with a silent prayer in his heart to his Creator to quickly end his sufferings, he heard "Boston Ned," and the only remaining sane man except himself, muttering hoarsely together and looking sometimes at him and sometimes at the two almost dying men who lay moaning beside him. Presently the man who was talking to Ned, pulled out of his blanket

—which lay in the stern sheets—a razor, and turning his back to Renton, began stropping it upon the sole of his boot, and even "Boston Ned" himself looked with awful eyes and blood-baked, twitching lips upon the youngster.

The lad saw what was coming, and as quickly as possible made his way forward and sat there, with his eyes fixed upon the two men aft, waiting for the struggle which he thought must soon begin. All that day and the night he sat and watched, determined to make a fight for the little life which remained in him, and Ned and the other man at times still muttered and eyed him wolfishly.

And so, on and on, these seeming outcasts of God's mercy sailed before the warm breath of the southeast trade wind, above them the blazing tropic sun, around them the wide sailless expanse of the blue Pacific, unbroken in its dreadful loneliness except for a wandering gray-winged booby or flocks of whale birds floating upon its gentle swell, and within their all but deadened hearts naught but grim despair and a dulled sense of coming dissolution.

As he sat thus, supporting his swollen head upon his skeleton hands, Renton saw something astern moving slowly after the boat—something that he knew was waiting and following for the awful deed to be done, so that it, too, might share in the dreadful feast.

Raising his bony arm, he pointed toward the moving fin. To him a shark meant no added horror or danger to their position, but possibly deliverance. "Boston Ned" and the other man first looked at the coming shark, and then with sunk-en eyes again turned to Renton. Voices none of them had, and Renton's parched tongue could not articulate but with signs and lip movements he tried to make the other two men understand.

No shark hook had they, nor if they had had one had they anything with which to bait it. But Renton, crawling aft, picked up the harpoon, placed it in "Boston Ned's" hands, and motioned to him to stand by. Then, with eager, trembling hands, he stripped from his legs the shreds of trousers which remained on them, and, sitting upon the gunwale of the boat, hung one limb over and let it trail in the water.

Three times the shark came up, and thrice Ned prepared to strike, but each

time the horrid ranger of the seas turned aside and dived as it caught sight of the waiting figure with weapon poised above. But at last hunger prevailed, and swimming slowly up till within a few yards of the boat, it made a sudden rush for the bait, missed it, and the harpoon, deftly darted by the old ex-whaler, clove through its tough skin and buried itself deep into its body.

It took the worn-out, exhausted men a long time to haul alongside and dispatch the struggling monster, which, says Renton, was ten feet in length.

Then followed shark's flesh and shark's blood, some of the former, after the first raw meal, being cooked on a fire made of the biscuit barge, upon a wet blanket spread in the bottom of the boat. The hot weather, however, soon turned the remaining portion putrid; but two or three days later came God's blessed rain, and gave them hope and life again. They managed to save a considerable quantity of water, and though the shark's flesh was in a horrible condition, they continued to feed upon it until the thirty-fifth day.

On this day they saw land, high and well-wooded, but now the trade winds failed them, and for the following two days the unfortunate men contended with baffling light airs, calms, and strong currents. At last they got within a short distance of the shore, and sought for a landing place through the surrounding surf.

Suddenly four or five canoes darted out from the shore. They were filled with armed savages, whose aspect and demeanor warned old Ned that he and his comrades were among cannibals. Sweeping alongside the boat, the savages seized the white men, who were all too feeble to resist or even move, put them into their canoes, and conveyed them on shore, fed them, and treated them with much apparent kindness. Crowds of natives from that part of the island—which was Malayta, one of the Solomon Group—came to look at them, and one man, a chief, took a fancy to Renton and claimed him as his own especial property.

Renton never saw the rest of his companions again, for they were removed to the interior of the island—probably sold to some of the bush tribes; the "man-a-bush," as the coastal natives called them. Their fate is not difficult to guess, for the people of Malayta were then, as they are now, cannibals.



"Sweeping alongside the boat, the savages seized the white men."

On August 7th, 1875, the Queensland labor recruiting schooner *Bobtail Nag* was cruising off the island, trading for yams, and her captain heard from some natives who came alongside that there was a white man living ashore in a village about ten miles distant. The skipper of the *Bobtail Nag* at once offered to pay a handsome price if the man was brought on board, and at the cost of several dozen Birmingham steel axes and some tobacco, poor

Renton's release was effected. He told his rescuers that the people among whom he had lived had taken a great fancy to him, and had treated him with great kindness.

If the reader will look at a chart of the South Pacific he will see, among the Phoenix Group, the position of McKean's Island; two thousand miles distant, westward and southward, is the island of Malayta, upon which Renton and his companions in misery drifted.





UNANointed ALTARS

BY
ARTHUR J. STRINGER

*"Let it be," said he, "that the hounds
shall win,*

*Let it come that I bow to the curs,
And stand a fool in the eyes of the
world,*

'But Oh, never a fool in Hers!'"

It was not for the sake of the things they
sought,

Nor the foolish crowns they cried for,
Nor for any of all the ancient gods
Their fathers had fought and died for.

It was not, he knew, for the name of the
land,

Nor the pride of the loins that bore
him:

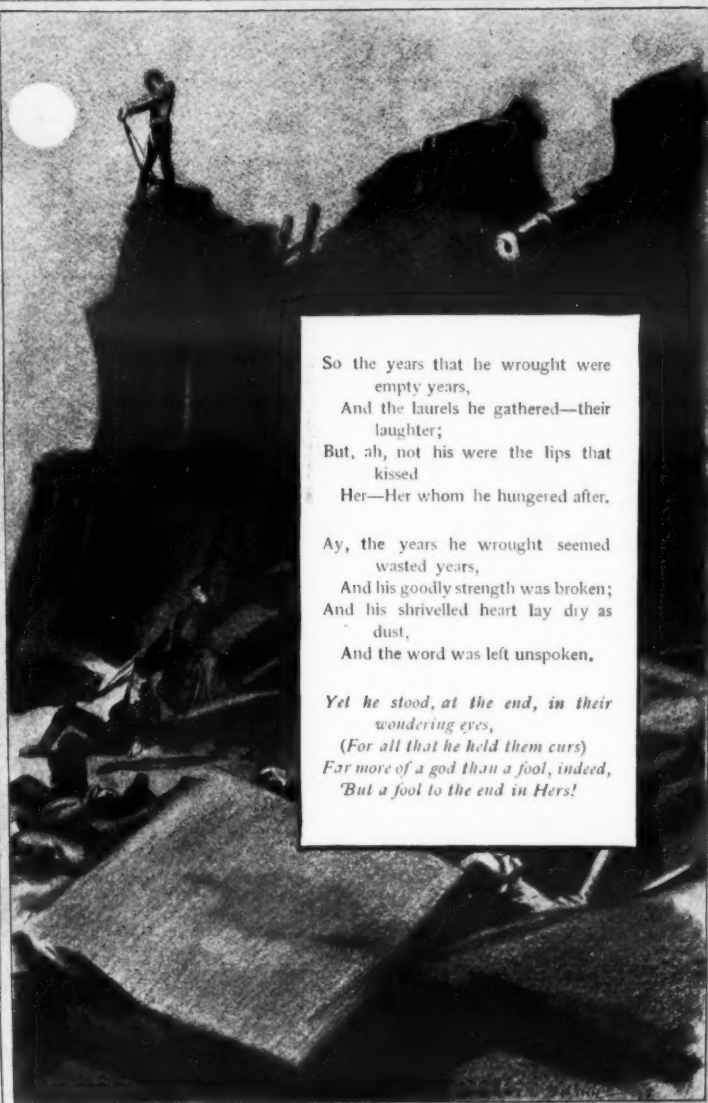
Not, not for these did he die his deaths,
And crush to the goals before him.

*"Let it be that the ancient jest holds
good,*

*Let it come that I bow to the curs,
And stand a fool in the eyes of the
world,*

'But Oh, never a fool in Hers!'"





So the years that he wrought were
empty years,
And the laurels he gathered—their
laughter;
But, ah, not his were the lips that
kissed
Her—Her whom he hungered after.

Ay, the years he wrought seemed
wasted years,
And his goodly strength was broken;
And his shrivelled heart lay dry as
dust,
And the word was left unspoken.

*Yet he stood, at the end, in their
wondering eyes,
(For all that he held them curs)
Far more of a god than a fool, indeed,
But a fool to the end in Hers!*

HOW MANY ARE WORTH A MILLION

By John Gilmer Speed.

IN the United States there are four thousand persons with wealth amounting to one million dollars in value or in excess of that amount. This statement will not be accepted universally. Some will think that there are many more millionaires than four thousand, and others will doubt whether there be so many. Such doubts are inevitable, for estimates as to the wealth of individuals are necessarily quite uncertain, so uncertain indeed that, it has become a common saying, we cannot tell what a man is worth until he is dead. Sometimes estates when they are administered upon are surprisingly large, but, as a rule, they shrink to much smaller proportions than those at which general report had appraised them. The estimates of fortunes upon which this article has been based are very conservative, and I have taken the best advice available to me. There is scarcely a neighborhood in the country in which there does not dwell one or more persons esteemed in that neighborhood as very rich and therefore, for convenience, called "millionaire." This does not in the least, however, mean that the person so spoken of could sell out for a million dollars; or convert his property of various kinds into money amounting to a million dollars; it only means that in comparison with the others in that neighborhood the local "millionaire" is very rich. And riches, after all, are only comparative. A man with quiet tastes and a modest fashion of living in the country, and having, say, property worth one hundred thousand dollars, is in many essentials quite as rich as another man worth two millions who lives in New York and "goes the pace." To have more than one needs is great wealth, whether that surplus be

much or little. This is a philosophic way of looking at the matter; arithmetic, however, and not philosophy has been used in the computations by which the conclusions arrived at in this article have been reached.

During the Colonial period in this country there were no very great fortunes, though, to be sure, just as now, in each neighborhood there were men and families of comparative wealth. The adventurers who first went to the Virginia colonies went in search of gold; the northern and more southern colonists sought religious freedom. The Virginians never found the gold, but they did in the course of a hundred years or so through agriculture find a certain kind of wealth which they spent with a careless prodigality. In the north the seekers after religious freedom, whether they found that or not, began the building of great commonwealths, and in their struggles with an unkind soil and a rigorous climate cultivated habits of thrift and industry which made them ultimately famous as traders, manufacturers and commercial adventurers. In New York in the early Colonial days much of the wealth came from the sea, being brought back by the pirate fleets which were either licensed or permitted by the Colonial governors. Few fortunes, however, that exist now, are of Colonial origin, except those based on land and its rise in value by reason of the great growth in our population. This has been very marked in the growth of the great cities, particularly in New York and Chicago. In both of these cities, farms have been held intact until cut up into city blocks and sold by the foot front. Some indeed have not been sold, but have been held and are now owned by the same families

A CLASSIFICATION OF MILLIONAIRES IN GREATER NEW YORK

Class	Number of Individuals	Aggregate Amount of Wealth
In Excess of 100 Millions	5	\$ 400,000,000
" " 75 "	1	80,000,000
" " 50 "	1	30,000,000
" " 40 "	3	123,000,000
" " 30 "	6	190,000,000
" " 20 "	3	110,000,000
" " 15 "	5	30,000,000
" " 10 "	18	200,000,000
" " 5 "	17	100,000,000
" " 4 "	30	130,000,000
" " 3 "	34	180,000,000
" " 2 "	189	400,000,000
" " 1½ "	40	70,000,000
About One Million	1,030	1,030,000,000
TOTALS	1400	\$ 5,315,000,000

which tilled them when they were farms. When the War of the Revolution began Washington was considered to be the richest man in the United States, and he was a farmer. Whether he was the richest or not, I have never been able to determine. Certainly some of the merchants in Boston and Philadelphia had more ready money than he. Indeed, he was always hard up for ready money, and the greater part of his business was done with notes. But he was the best farmer in Virginia and probably the best in the country. He was a model husbandman, and if his contemporaries and their descendants had been as skillful and as careful as Washington was, Virginia would not be in the impoverished condition which it is to-day. He was rich and used his credit, but in financing the war for liberty it was to merchants such as Robert Morris of Philadelphia, to whom the confederated colonies had to look. It is very unlikely, however, that there was any man in the United States at this period worth a million dollars.

The country grew in wealth from the beginning, and the foundations for great fortunes as has been said were laid by those who held on to farms that were near the towns which in time became great cities. A New York instance will illustrate this. In the Colonial time an

Englishman named Rogers had a farm in the neighborhood of what is now Fourteenth street and the Hudson River. Rogers needed a farm hand and so he employed a newly arrived German emigrant. What this German's name was, I don't know, and the neighbors between Greenwich and Chelsea villages did not seem to care. But he came from the Rhine country, and so they called the hired man the Rhinelander. In time the hired man married the daughter of Farmer Rogers and also inherited the farm and begat a family. The farm increased in value until now, when it is worth many millions of dollars. In the main, it has been kept in the Rhinelander's family, which is one of the richest in the country, though no member of the family ranks among the very rich persons of the country.

There are several other instances of families which have become rich through investments in land several generations ago, but in the main, American fortunes do not endure very long, the transiency of them justifying the observation of the witty Bostonian who said: "In this country it is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The great cause for the scattering of fortunes is the universal law against the entailment of estates. The transplanted Englishmen

A CLASSIFICATION OF MILLIONAIRES IN THE UNITED STATES OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK		
Class	Number of Individuals	Aggregate Amount of Wealth
In Excess of Fifty Millions	1	\$ 60,000,000
" " " Forty "	1	43,000,000
" " " Twenty "	1	25,000,000
" " " Ten "	16	200,000,000
" " " Five "	30	155,000,000
" " " Three "	39	90,000,000
" " " Two "	195	400,000,000
About One Million	2297	2,297,000,000
Totals	2600	\$3,272,000,000
In New York	1400	\$3,315,000,000
Grand Totals	4000	\$6,587,000,000
Value of Real and Personal Property in the United States Jan 1 st 1897		\$90,396,000,000
Value of Property in the United States not owned by Millionaires		\$83,809,000,000

who made the constitutions and laws of the early States of the Union were unalterably opposed to the custom of primogeniture, and so in every State there was a law prohibiting entail and limiting the time in which a testator could control his estate, either by will or by deed of trust. As a rule, the laws differ somewhat in different States, but in effect they all limit testamentary capacity to two lives in being, and through this period to twenty-one years beyond.

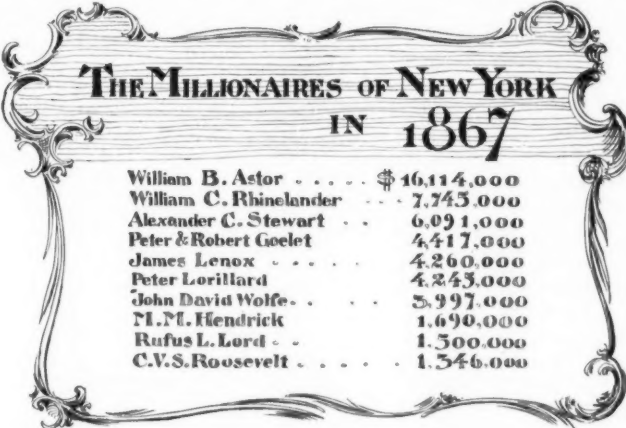
As the cities which are now great grew in population trade increased and land values also. In each of these cities there were rich men, but it is very doubtful whether there was a single millionaire in the country up to the time we had our second war with Great Britain. If there was one, it was John Jacob Astor, who began his very remarkable career of money-making in 1783 and kept it up until his death in 1848. He may have been a millionaire in 1812. Certainly he must have had his first million soon after that, for when he died a conservative estimate of his fortune placed it at twenty millions. He had long, for twenty-five years at least, been considered the richest man in the country. He made the first part of his fortune in buying and selling furs. He traded with the Indians and sold most of his purchases in Europe. His profits

were invested in land in New York and so was laid the foundation of the most stable of all the fortunes that exist in America to-day. His descendants have had only to buy more real estate and let it alone, and so the fortune has grown to immense proportions. How great it is I shall not pretend to say. A writer of a generation ago in speaking of the death of this first John Jacob Astor and of his vast fortune said he left "four hundred thousand dollars to the city to found a library and an annuity of \$200 to the poet Fitz Greene Halleck."

By the time the Civil War began there were a few millionaires in all the great cities—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati and New Orleans. And among the adventurous men who went to California there were millionaires also, but not nearly so many as a few years later when the first Pacific railroad had been pushed through and the western coast was brought closer to the rest of the world. There is a general idea that very many great fortunes were made during the Civil War. This idea is, I am convinced, much exaggerated. It is quite true that fortunes were made and that some of the contractors legitimately and otherwise secured vast profits. But nearly all of these fortunes vanished as quickly as they had

come. Among the great fortunes—that is, fortunes of ten millions and more—there is not now one, I venture to say, which was begun at that time and by reason of the war. It was just after the war, in the quick development of the country by the building of railroads and the growth of towns, together with the quickening influence on manufactures, that most of the great fortunes were started. They were started, but they did not obtain immense proportions at once. The tax list of New York City for 1867 shows that only ten citizens of the metropolis were then rated as having property in excess of a million dollars. This list shows also that none of these fortunes was made by reason of the war. It is interesting to look at the list at this time and also to inquire how these fortunes were made. Here it is together with the assessed value of each estate, including personal property, which had a way then as now of hiding itself:

copper; the Lord money was made in dry goods, while the Roosevelt estate was begun in trade and increased by investments chiefly in Broadway real estate. It may be of interest to note the races to which these New York millionaires of a generation ago belonged. Four were Germanic—Astor, Rhineland, Wolfe and Roosevelt; two were French—Goellet and Lorillard; one was Irish, Stewart; one was Scotch, Lenox; one a pure Yankee, Lord, and one, Hendricks, a Jew. As a matter of fact, all were Americans by birth except Stewart. The fortunes of these men were no doubt from two to three times larger than the sum opposite the name of each. None of these men is alive to-day, but most of the fortunes endure, though two have been widely scattered. It will be noticed that there was one Jew in the list. A person who had not looked into the matter would be apt to say that if such a list were made to-day every other



THE MILLIONAIRES OF NEW YORK	
IN 1867	
William B. Astor	\$ 16,114,000
William C. Rhineland	7,745,000
Alexander C. Stewart	6,091,000
Peter & Robert Goellet	4,417,000
James Lenox	4,260,000
Peter Lorillard	4,243,000
John David Wolfe	3,997,000
M. M. Hendrick	1,690,000
Rufus L. Lord	1,300,000
C. V. S. Roosevelt	1,346,000

I have already explained how the Astor and Rhineland fortunes were acquired. The Stewart fortune was made in trading; the Goellet was made first in trade and then in land in New York City; the Lenox fortune was an inheritance increased by the rise in the value of New York real estate; the Lorillard money primarily came from the manufacture and sale of tobacco with a kind of lottery attachment, and was increased by investments in New York land; Mr. Wolfe inherited part of his fortune and got the rest through his marriage with a Lorillard; the Hendricks fortune was made in

name would be that of a Jew. Here is one of the great popular errors. If Mr. Hendricks were worth \$5,000,000 in 1867 he was, for that time, a much richer man than any Jew in the United States to-day is for his time. No Jew to-day in America has a fortune of the first class. In a list of the fifty richest men in the country there is no Jewish name. If such a list were extended to one hundred there would be none. The Jews are great traders, no doubt, but the Scotch, the Scotch-Irish, the French, the Dutch and the pure Yankee can beat them hollow when the trading is done on a large scale, requiring

WHERE THE MILLIONAIRES LIVE

Place of Residence	Number of Millionaires	Population
Greater New York	1400	3,500,000
Chicago	320	1,950,000
Philadelphia	220	1,350,000
Boston	190	555,000
Cincinnati	80	400,000
Pittsburg	70	315,000
San Francisco	45	350,000
Cleveland	45	402,000
St Louis	50	658,000
Baltimore	60	600,000
Detroit	50	365,000
Minneapolis	50	210,000
Buffalo	40	400,000
New Orleans	50	500,000
Newark	30	250,000
St Paul	50	165,000
Milwaukee	50	280,000
Providence	30	167,000
Louisville	20	225,000
Richmond	20	100,000
Rochester	20	177,000
Memphis	10	110,000
In Other Cities		
and in the Country	1160	

executive ability, courage and absolute confidence in the integrity of the merchant. No doubt the Jews make a great deal of money, but they are speculators and gamblers, and what they make is not always held securely. Then again they do not, or, rather, they have not in the past generally begun with capital secured by inheritance. Nor have they, until lately, invested in land. They are also Oriental in their taste and spend with much liberality to themselves in their living. A Jew, when profits accrue to him, is usually very generous to himself and to all that belong to him. And many generally belong to him, for the Jews are noted for their large families. They are money-makers but not money-savers. Every man who reads this statement will have knowledge of an individual Jew to confute it. I am not speaking of an exceptional individual here and there, but am making a general statement. However, I repeat in entire confidence, there is to-day in America no individual Jew so exceptionally rich that he can rank in wealth with the fifty or one hundred men who stand at the top.

That marvelous money-maker, the first Cornelius Vanderbilt, had become a millionaire long before the Civil War period, but as he had not invested extensively in New York real estate his name was not found in the list taken from the tax books of 1868. His fortune grew to great proportions up to his death in 1877, when his eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt, succeeded to the greater portion of it. The first Vanderbilt was engaged almost exclusively in the transportation business, that is, in transportation itself and the extension of transportation routes. First he was interested in transportation by water, beginning, I believe, with a hand-rowed flatboat, and then with ferry lines. He added steamboats and steamships as his enterprises expanded, and finally went into railroads, until at the time of his death he was the largest owner of railroad properties in America. His son and his grandsons have merely continued the policy of the first of the line, and they have been so successful, notwithstanding the poor ventures of several of William H. Vanderbilt's sons-in-law, that the Vanderbilt fortunes combined are greater to-day than that of any other family in the country, greater even than that of the Astors. The first Vanderbilt began his

business career as modestly as the first Astor, but it was forty years later.

Very many of the great fortunes and a large percentage of the fortunes exceeding a million dollars have been made in the building and operation of railroads. These extensions of interior lines of communication have not only added to the number of exceptional fortunes, but they have added very vastly to the general wealth of the country. Some very great fortunes and very many ample fortunes have been made in manufactures of various kinds. The same may also be said of mining for coal, iron, copper, silver and gold. Royalties on patents have also yielded great revenues and built up large fortunes, while trading as an industry has been steadily profitable, though a slower process of accumulation than some of the other methods named. But the increase in the value of land—city property in particular—has been the source from which the bulk of the most stable fortunes have come. As a rule, the families in America which have been rich for two or three generations, and have the prospect of enduring wealth, are those whose property is and has been of this character.

Within the last three decades enterprising men interested in the production of crude materials and the refinement of them for consumption have made combinations of various properties of a kindred character, and by reducing cost of production and also the cost to the consumer, have to a great extent killed all opposition and so controlled these special markets. These are the "Trusts" of which for ten years or so we have heard so much. The most notable of these are the "Oil Trust" and the "Sugar Trust." The first of these has resulted in a group of fortunes of the first magnitude, and the chief of them, that of John D. Rockefeller, is probably the largest individual fortune in the United States. And it is quite certain that within no single lifetime has there been so great an accumulation as that of Mr. Rockefeller. In 1865 he was a merchant in Cleveland; in the same year he became interested in the production and refinement of petroleum together with the distribution of it. He is now sixty years old, with the likelihood of many years of active business life. His fortune is not invested in oil properties alone, but he has gone into many differ-

ent kinds of things so as to get remunerative returns on his accumulations.

Sugar is responsible for the Havemeyer and the Spreckles fortunes, both of great magnitude. This business, however, is not nearly so unique as that in oil, as the refinement of sugar has been a source of wealth ever since the industry was established in this country. The manufacture of iron and steel has resulted in many great fortunes, notable among them being that of Andrew Carnegie, who might have been richer than he is had he not chosen to give liberally from his income to establish libraries and assist educational institutions and charities.

Each fortune, however, has its own story, and a chapter might be written about each of these who has a million dollars or more. For lack of space I must be more general. In my estimate of the millionaires I found that these fortunate persons were scattered all over the country, though more than one-third of them live in New York and Brooklyn, that is, in Greater New York.

It will be seen by the comparison at the foot of one of the tables that the millionaires only own a fraction more than seven per cent. of the wealth of the country. If the aggregate wealth of the individuals not worth a million but worth more than one hundred thousand dollars were added to this—and one hundred thousand dollars is often great wealth—the amount of wealth possessed by the rich would be more than doubled.

Here is a list of the fifty persons in the United States with fortunes so large as to be "beyond the dreams of avarice":

Increase in the Value of Land.

William Waldorf Astor, of New York.
John Jacob Astor, of New York.
Mrs. William Astor, of New York.
Elbridge T. Gerry, of New York.
Mrs. Hetty Green, of New York.
Mrs. Bradley Martin, of New York.
Robert Goellet, of New York.
J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston.

Building and Operating Railroads and Speculations in Railway Shares.

Russell Sage, of New York.
Roswell P. Flower, of New York.
George J. Gould, of New York.
Collis P. Huntington, of New York.
Samuel Thomas, of New York.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York.
William K. Vanderbilt, of New York.
Frederick W. Vanderbilt, of New York.
George W. Vanderbilt, of New York.
William C. Whitney, of New York.
John I. Blair, of New Jersey.
Mrs. William D. Sloane, of New York.

In Producing, Refining and Selling Petroleum.

John D. Archbold, of New York.
Henry M. Flagler, of New York.
John H. Flagler, of New York.
H. H. Rogers, of New York.
William Rockefeller, of New York.
John D. Rockefeller, of New York.
Oliver H. Payne, of Cleveland.

In Commerce and Subsequent Investments.

James M. Constable, of New York.
Henry G. Marquand, of New York.
Joseph Millbank, of New York.
Marshall Field, of Chicago.
L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago.
Potter Palmer, of Chicago.
Adrian Iselin, of New York.

In Sugar Refining.

H. O. Havemeyer, of New York.
Claus Spreckles, of San Francisco.
John E. Searles, of New York.

In Banking and Other Investments.

Darius O. Mills, of New York.
J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York.

By Inheritance and From the Telephone.

J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston.

In Mining for Gold, Silver, Copper, etc.

J. B. Haggin, of California.
Mrs. George Hearst, of San Francisco.
John W. Mackay, of San Francisco.
W. A. Clark, of Montana.
Marcus Daly, of Montana.

In Iron and Steel.

Andrew Carnegie, of New York.

In Steamboats, River and Lake Transportation.

Alfred Van Santvord, of New York.
H. M. Hanna, of Cleveland.

In Packing Meats.

Philip D. Armour, of Chicago.

In Insurance.

Henry B. Hyde, of New York.



Deer at McDonald's Lake.

SNAPSHOTS OF BIRD AND BEAST

By WILLIAM E. CARLIN

Photographs by WILLIAM E. CARLIN AND LEVERETT W. BROWNELL.

ONE needs be neither an artist nor a naturalist to comprehend the inadequacy of the hard, wooden, and often unlikelike drawings to which has been given a place between the covers of our books on natural history. Even in the case of so great an authority as Audobon only a very few of his plates are deserving of the praise they have received, and with scarcely an exception more recent illustrators have not improved upon his work. Much of the trouble lies in the fact that the artist has little opportunity, and it may be less inclination, to study his subject in its wild state, or perhaps he has been compelled to rely solely upon such specimens as the taxidermist's skill could furnish; and taxidermy, no matter how good, always retains much that is grotesquely untrue to life.

It was my inability to draw well and my determination not to add to the bad art of which the furred and feathered denizens of our woods and fields have been made the victim, that first led me to at-

tempt the photography of wild animals, for though the camera has many limitations, it possesses at least one great advantage, it insures correct drawing of form. It also reproduces natural surroundings, while not infrequently some characteristic attitude or the individuality of the subject is retained. My own experience is that the camera may be of good service to the naturalist and artist in gathering materials. It answers their purpose better than hastily made sketches, as it preserves much more detail. My knowledge of photography was very meagre in the start, and I made the mistake of burdening myself with a large and heavy outfit that seriously handicapped me because of the impossibility of using it quickly. I soon discovered it is not at all necessary to secure primarily a large image, for if the image is sharp and clear it may subsequently be enlarged to any desired size without loss, and generally it may be improved at the same time.

For field work a strong folding camera

box, such as the long focus Graphic, is most satisfactory. The bellows should be fifteen to eighteen inches, which allows for the use of a telephoto lens. For ordinary work the lens should be of six or seven inch focus. Where the subject is shy and hard of approach a lens of fourteen to sixteen inch focus is valuable. The telephoto, though not easy to use at first, is indispensable. It is really a long focus lens, requiring but an ordinary length of bellows, the enlarged image being produced by the negative or rear element of the lens itself. The shutter should be practically noiseless and easily worked when using a long piece of tubing. Plates are preferable to films where one intends to enlarge them.

To photograph birds and animals with any degree of success is not so easy as

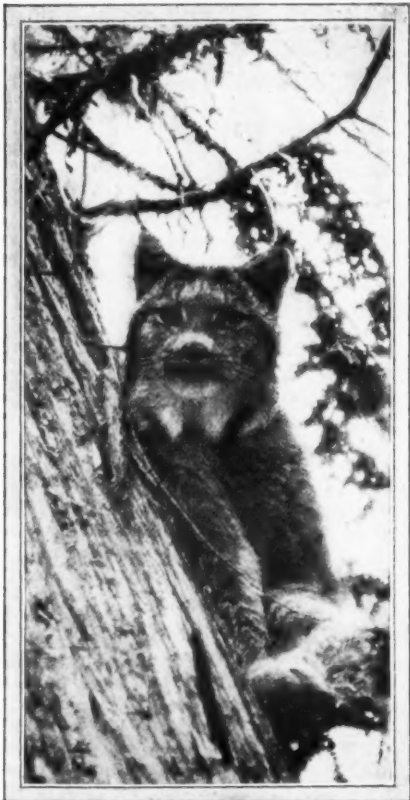


Richardson Squirrel.

might be imagined. One must have an ample stock of patience always on hand, and be prepared for repeated failures and continual sacrifice of bodily comfort; then, even, the reward is very uncertain. I have secured as many as six subjects in a single day, and again it has taken me six months to secure one. This was the length of time required to obtain a satisfactory set of pictures of the little chief hare, or Rocky Mountain pika, to me the most interesting of our smaller mammals.

The pika lives among broken masses of stone and slide rock at an elevation of from three thousand to ten thousand feet above sea level. At low altitudes he is out and about during the winter, but higher up, where his home is completely buried to the depth of many feet for eight or nine months out of the year, he is in retirement until the snows melt. Then he makes his appearance and spends the greater part of each day asleep on some rock, sunning himself. Later in the season, when the grasses are green and tender, and the wild berries begin to ripen, he becomes a model of activity and industry. He is no longer to be caught napping unless it is just after sunrise and immediately before sundown.

I have watched this creature's haunt—some favorite pile of slide rock—from the crevices of which he would suddenly pop forth, glancing around cautiously with his bright, rat-like eyes to make sure the coast is clear of any prowling weasel. Satisfied on this score, his short little legs would carry him across the rocks to his grass patch with incredible swiftness. He would gather a large mouthful of grass, the long stems and tops projecting several inches on either side of the jaws and making them look exceedingly gro-

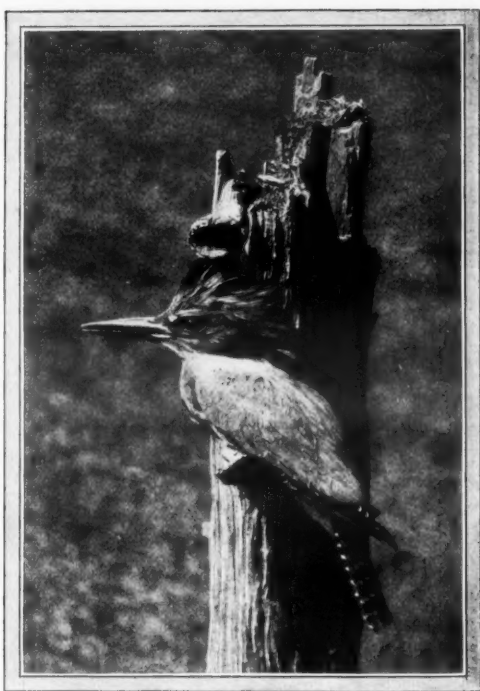


Canada Lynx.

tesque. Then he would hurry back and arrange loads in the form of a miniature hay-cock in a convenient nook sheltered from the wind.

Should a storm threaten, his instinct warns him of it. He has been known to work all night in order to get his hay safely stacked in one of the common storehouses under some big boulder. While at work the pika continually utters a peculiar cry resembling the squeak of a child's toy trumpet. His natural enemies are the hawk and weasel. The latter especially he fears, as he is very crafty and catlike in pursuit of his prey.

In the spring, when he is overcoming the lethargy of the winter months, is the best time to photograph the pika. One must watch until the spot is located where he takes his daily sun bath; this determined, the next step is to focus the camera, carefully screening the box and tripod with weeds and leaves. When this is done there remains only to retire to the end of the long tube fifty feet or so away and possess one's soul in patience until the unconscious sitter appears. After an hour or two he may perhaps come out



Kingfisher.



Canada Grouse on Nest.

and ensconce himself in his customary place, but the results are still doubtful. He is as apt as not to turn his tail on the camera and calmly go to sleep so—a most aggravating circumstance as there is then no form to photograph, only a small bunch of soft fur. The experiment may be tried of giving a sharp low whistle. If this does not cause him to change his position, but instead, frightens him off, there is nothing for it but to wait his return, in the hope of better luck.

While on an eleven months' trip in the Bitter Root Mountains with my friend, Mr. Wright, of Spokane, I had exceptional opportunities of observing these animals. One day we discovered a pika seemingly fast asleep on a

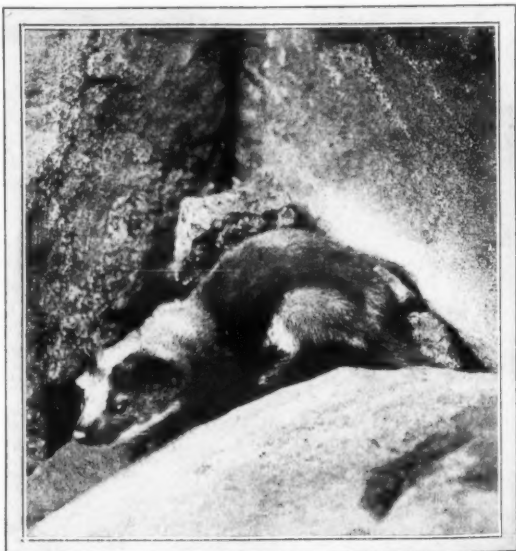


Opossum, surprised in the act of stealing a fish-tail set as bait.

rock. Making a laborious approach to within thirty feet, I quietly set up my camera and focussed my telephoto. I thought it well to use a small stop and get, if possible, a sharp image. I decided the exposure should be four seconds and had just finished counting two, when like a flash he popped up, uttering his cry of alarm and vanished in the rock pile. On looking around to discover the reason for his hasty flight, I saw the graceful, undulating body of a weasel some ten feet from the spot so suddenly vacated by the pika. I immediately started toward the intruder, shouting as I ran, and succeeded in frightening him so he forgot all about hiding in the slide rock, but made off up the hill. As I was gaining on him he darted into a hole in a small, isolated heap of

rocks. Making sure he must come out where he had gone in, we focussed our camera on the entrance to the hole and withdrew to watch for his reappearance. All being quiet for a few minutes, he came cautiously from his place of refuge and his photograph was taken. This, by the way, is the only negative of a weasel I have ever been able to make.

Among my most troublesome subjects was a kingfisher that made its summer home near a beautiful mountain lake seven thousand feet above sea level, on whose shores we were encamped. This particular bird and its mate were in the habit of alighting on one of three old stumps that stood close to the water's edge. We hid our cameras behind cleverly devised screens, Mr. Wright watched at one stump and I at another, but it was of no use. When about to settle within range they would apparently see something sus-



Weasel.

picious in their surroundings and, veering off, fly to the unguarded stump and quietly perch there. We talked the situation over and decided to let them alone for a few days.

When we were ready to make our next attempt, we went one evening, after dusk, with our axes and laid low two of the offending stumps. Before sunrise the following morning a camera fitted with a long focus lens was masked near the remaining stump, while we sat fifty feet

of the shutter he was up and away in an instant, uttering indignant protests at our base deception, but as the illustration shows, he left his likeness within.

Of all my photographs of birds one of the best examples of work with the telephoto lens is the picture of a broad bill duck. He was *en route* for the South, and was resting in a small pond on a mountain summit when I added him to my collection.

The Franklin grouse, as trustful as



Florida Moccasin, Coiled for Striking.

distant among a clump of bushes. The heavy frost of the preceding night had just melted under the sun's rays when we heard the notes of our two kingfishers echoing from among the trees at the head of the lake. Down they came to their accustomed resting places, and not finding the first stump made for the second and then, seemingly dumbfounded, flew up and down the lake several times. Finally the male bird swerved from his course and settled comfortably on the very spot we had selected. At the click

the kingfisher, for instance, is shy and suspicious, makes an easy subject. Its peculiar characteristic is that it has apparently no fear of human beings, a little indiscretion that has won it the nickname of "fool hen." The hunter seldom wastes his ammunition on them. He can usually get near enough to knock them over with a stick, or if they are roosting in a tree, he can catch them by using a long pole with a noose attached. On the Lo Lo trail, a friend and I were fishing down a little creek, and incidentally look-



Alligator Lizard.

ing for grouse, when we raised a covey of six. Three flew into a tree close by and

were quickly bagged. My companion stood ready with his shotgun in his hand waiting for the others to rise while I beat about in the brush. I was still so engaged when he chanced to glance around and was astonished to find the other three grouse quietly eating berries from a low bush not three feet distant. I could multiply stories of their trust in man indefinitely. I remember on one occasion Mrs. Carlin was reading by the tent when a hen walked up and looking her over, ruffled its feathers and then calmly went to sleep perched on a log within ten feet of her. She called to me, and my approach disturbed the grouse. It walked directly into the tent and hopping up on one of the pillows of the bed, resumed its interrupted nap.

Another illustration is of the bushy-tailed wood rat. Perhaps not a very interesting animal, but one that is frightfully destructive as well as a hopeless kleptomaniac. He has a taste for leather, shoes, bits of harness, and similar dainties. When one is traveling along the trail and about to saddle up in the morning the whang leather and the lady's straps will be found cut and chewed, while if a permanent camp or cabin becomes infested by these little pests, no small article they can carry off is safe.

During the years of 1888 and '89, with a friend, I built a cabin above the head of slack water on the St. Mary's River in Idaho. The hunting there was excellent,



King Snake.

and our outings were frequently prolonged for several months at a time. "Cedar Cabin" soon became the headquarters for hundreds of wood rats. We trapped them, shot them, and our dogs caught them, but their numbers and enthusiasm remained unabated. We would find our loaf sugar diminished to an appreciable extent, then our supply of dried fruit would suffer in consequences of their ravages. We missed two spoons and a fork. Abe lost his spool of thread and beeswax, which he accused me of having mislaid. So for several weeks minor articles were constantly disappearing.

Matters went from bad to worse, until one night I was awakened by a frightful noise. Springing up, I saw my friend, lantern in hand and close-

ly followed by the dogs, rush from the cabin and make for an old stump that stood perhaps thirty feet from our door. It seemed he had been lying in his bunk planning for a hunt on the morrow when he saw a rat run along a log and jump to the table,



Broad-billed Duck.

where, after looking things over, it picked up one of our two remaining teaspoons and made off with its prize. I had been aroused in time to see the end of the chase. The dogs ran the little marauder into a hole at the foot of the old stump, which we cut down the next morning, finding a nest containing two rats and a miscellaneous collection of our belongings: 18 lumps of sugar, 52 pieces of dried fruit, 105 coffee beans, 4 pieces of bread crust, 1 button, 2 teaspoons, Abe's spool of thread and wax, 8 matches, the leather case of our Aneroid barometer, 20 bits of cloth and leather, and 4 fragments of bacon rinds. On another occasion, my dog Skip unearthed in a nest back of the cabin of a St. Joe River rancher, an even more remarkable assortment of odds and ends.

The wood rats are seldom seen by day, unless driven from their nests, and being anxious to get a photograph of this curious beast, I decided to make the attempt at night. For a week I baited one spot until a rat was in the habit of coming to it regularly, then setting up my camera and arranging a flash light, I secured the long sought picture.

What is known as the Richardson squirrel, the common red variety, is an interesting resident of the Northwest, and as pugnacious as he is diminutive. He will perch high up in the branches of some convenient tree and bark



Richardson Squirrel.



Raccoon.

furiously at the chance intruder of his solitude. This trait has cost the hunter innumerable shots at deer. I have been posted near a runway when I would be spied out by one of the "chickerees," who would instantly set up such a tremendous chattering that any deer in the immediate vicinity would be frightened away by the noise. Among his other accomplishments the red squirrel is a skilful thief, and the habitual despoiler of birds' nests. He builds his winter home under some old stump or in a hollow tree where he stores his supply of cones. Although numerous, these little fellows are very difficult to photograph. I finally located a nest near an old stump and baited the spot with dried fruits and several kinds of cones, but the bait was refused; at last I caught my sitter in a tree where he was industriously

cutting off cones. Gathering up all he dropped, I used them as a lure and he was induced to mount the stump after them, when the camera did its work.

Our common opossum is also a rather difficult subject, because of its nocturnal habits. While in Florida, Wright and I often came across them during the day, but always asleep. We might have taken them as I had the wood rat, by the aid of a flashlight set to operate with the shutter, but as a rule such photographs are uncertain and harsh.

A favorite sport of ours was "gigging" or spearing large fish at night. While thus engaged the light from our blazing basket of pine knots had frequently "shined" the eyes of an opossum in a log jam near our boat landing.

Knowing he came there to eat the remains of crabs and fish thrown from the boat, we cut off this source of supply and instead baited a log every morning, taking the bait away again each evening. For three days our bait was not touched, but on the fourth it was gone and also on the fifth.



Western Chipmunk.

The next morning we arranged the camera and once more placed our bait. After three hours of waiting, the opossum came shambling along. The result was a very good negative, and we obtained a second the day following.

A less agreeable customer was the Florida moccasin, one of the three varieties of snakes found in the United States whose bite is fatal. The moccasin has a rather short but very thick body. His venom is not so deadly as that of the rattler, and being decidedly sluggish and lazy in all his movements he is not nearly so dangerous, though much more loathsome in appearance. I have again and again stepped close to these reptiles, not always from choice, however, with perfect impunity as they would not take the trouble to coil and strike.

They swarm in the southern swamps in numbers that are simply incredible. When pushing quietly up some little creek in a canoe, I have come upon bunches of them lying on the grass and reeds. As they discovered my presence they would straighten out and drop with a splash into the water. In captivity they proved sulky and fearless, and when I photographed them in the wild state they displayed the same qualities. They would glide slowly toward me in a most uncomfortable way, never showing the least inclination to run.

Another citizen of Florida whose likeness I have is the alligator lizard. This little creature frequents the dense shade of the hammocks, feeding on such insects as grasshoppers, crickets and flies. As his body takes the color of the leaf or tree on which he is resting, he generally selects a dead stump of some neutral tint or the gray moss to hide in for protective coloration. The Florida barred owl,

practically identical with the northern species, although classed as a sub-species, is like the moccasin and alligator lizard an inhabitant of the dense swamps. This bird nests in hollow stumps, lays from three to four pure white eggs, and feeds on mice, rats, rabbits and small birds. In common with the other members of the same family, it devours the smaller animals whole, digests all but bones, feathers and fur, and these it has a happy knack of casting up in the form of round pellets.

Thus far I have spoken

only of the smaller animals. Big game, with the exception of deer and elk, is much more difficult to photograph, and the attempt is usually productive of many failures and bad negatives. During my various hunting trips I had incidentally taken such big game as I could, but not being satisfied with the result, I decided to make a special trip on snowshoes across the Bitter Root range to the trap



Long-eared Owl.

line of "Old Man Long." With my friends, Wright and Herrick, who were to be my companions, I left Hamilton, Montana, early one April. We knew we should find the deer and elk still in bands in the narrow bottoms and on the open hillsides along the Clear Water River—our objective point. The bears emerging from their long winter's sleep would also be headed for the low bottoms to feed on white clover and the carcasses of elk and deer that had died during the winter or had been killed by the trappers.

Five years ago this region was the

deer in one pile, their carcasses entirely untouched by the man who shot them. It was simply child's play to slaughter any number of these animals when they were confined in the narrow valleys of the Clear Water during the winter and spring. The bear having been all caught out it is to be hoped there will be no further inducement for the trapper to winter there. Those who have not lived in a game country do not realize that within a few years it will be very difficult to find large game except about the boundaries of the National Park, and that if future generations are to have the pleasure of shooting, it must be thoroughly protected by stringent laws.

But to resume. Our party left Hamilton and went by wagon to the mouth of Lost Horse Canyon. Here we adjusted our heavy packs and followed up the canyon on foot. We came to snow-shoeing about four o'clock and went into camp. The next day we had made perhaps eight miles when one of my companions fell between two logs and sprained his leg. This compelled us to go into camp again, but the third day we were off before daylight to get the benefit of the crust, for when the snow softens under the sun's rays walking becomes very laborious.



Canada Lynx.

finest natural game preserve in the United States, and an ideal spot for the camera of the naturalist. Since then, however, the trappers have all but exterminated the immense herds of elk, deer and moose. The slaughter was conducted in a most wanton fashion. In the spring of 1896 and '97 some one hundred and forty bear skins were brought out of Lost Horse Pass alone. Each of these skins which netted the trapper from \$8 to \$12 apiece, represented easily ten to fifteen elk, deer and moose killed. I have known of five bull elk and one bull moose being used for a single bait, and I have seen eleven

Our third camp was by a small creek two miles from the summit. Here under the thick sheltering branches of an old fir we found bare ground banked around by deep drifts. We widened the spot, using our snow-shoes as shovels and then built a huge fire which melted the snow in a wide circle, leaving us a roofless house with eleven foot walls. In the night the wind came up and snow began falling about daylight. So we pushed on to an old cabin near the summit that Long used as a half-way station when packing in his supplies for the winter.

We had been past the cabin in summer,

but experienced some difficulty in finding it, a thing not to be wondered at, for the roof was covered with snow to a depth of 15 feet. There was a partially filled tunnel leading up to the door, showing that Long had been there recently. As the storm continued we spent a day there. At the first sign of a break we started for the Idaho line. It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the scene that met our eyes as we emerged from the thick timber that hid the magnificent canyon of Bear Creek, with the tremendous peaks towering above us, and the forty miles of varied scenery stretching out before us blanketed with snow. The sun shone for a couple of hours, then the mists thickened on the summits; but we were now down and out of the main storm. We saw a number of snowslides, which came thundering down the mountain-side carrying all before them as they neared the bottom below. One we crossed was piled up a conglomerate mass of mingled snow, rocks and trees to a height of seventy feet above the level of Bear Creek.

Two days from the summit we got into a fearful tangle of brush, and snow-shoeing became next to impossible. We determined to camp at the first clearing, but on emerging from the timber the welcome sight of a little tent set on the snow informed us we had reached the upper end of Long's trap line that extended from this point down Bear Creek and up the Clear Water a distance of forty miles. Fresh snow-shoe tracks showed that Long was close at hand.

When he arrived he told us bear had not yet begun to move at that end of his line, but further down the range he had discovered plenty of signs. We worked our way down the trap line with Long, and two days later went into camp at the junction of Bear Creek with the South

Fork of the Clear Water. Here the grass was fresh and green, and the ground carpeted with wild flowers. Near our own was a camp of two prospectors from the Salmon River country who were imprisoned by the snows. Most of their horses had died, but Long had sold them sufficient provisions to last until June, when they could cross the range with their remaining horses and belongings.



Screech Owl.

Deer was very abundant, and we made a number of satisfactory exposures on them. We were equally successful with elk. Bears were still scarce, but the Canadian lynx was there in numbers. Of course the lynx is far too shy to photograph unless caught in a trap or tree. Our method was to take them from the traps and putting a light clog on one of their hind legs, turn them loose. This

allowed freedom of movement, but effectually prevented escape. Whenever our prisoners assumed an interesting or distinctive attitude we photographed them.

As the game worked gradually back, we followed. Unfortunately we were obliged to leave before the bear came down in any considerable numbers. Long had killed only two; but as we were returning to the mountains in June with our pack train we met him on the summit and he informed us he had taken twenty-six more.

The first bear got into a trap that was set on the end of a ridge above our camp. The west side of this ridge was steep and slippery and led directly to the south fork of Bear Creek eight hundred feet below. To the chain was a green clog that weighed one hundred pounds, and why the bear choose to start down hill after getting into the trap I do not know. At any rate, when we went up to look at the trap we found it gone. The trail left by the clog was quite plain and led over the edge of the ridge. In fancy we could see the bear start down hill, then the clog gathering headway took the lead and set the pace. Then comes what must have been a hasty and unwilling descent into the icy waters of the creek below. As we followed down the bank we argued on the possible outcome of the affair. It was evident if the

clog held, the captive could never reach the shore because of the great force of the current. The bear had either drowned or lodged on an island, and sure enough, on the first little island we found her hopelessly tangled in the brush and not at all the worse for wear.

Was she cross and fierce? Not a bit of

it. She hung down her head and looked foolish, much as the average black bear does after having been held in a trap for a day or two. Of course the pose was as admirable as it was unusual from the standpoint of the photographer.

I have always been of the opinion that owing to his keen sense the bear is our first game animal, and should be carefully protected by law. His depredations on live stock are not worth taking into account, and I am quite ready to agree with an old trapper who was sleeping soundly in his cabin one day when an Eastern man in search of hairbreadth stories of adventure, knocked at his door. The door was opened by the trapper's partner to whom the visitor made

known his errand.

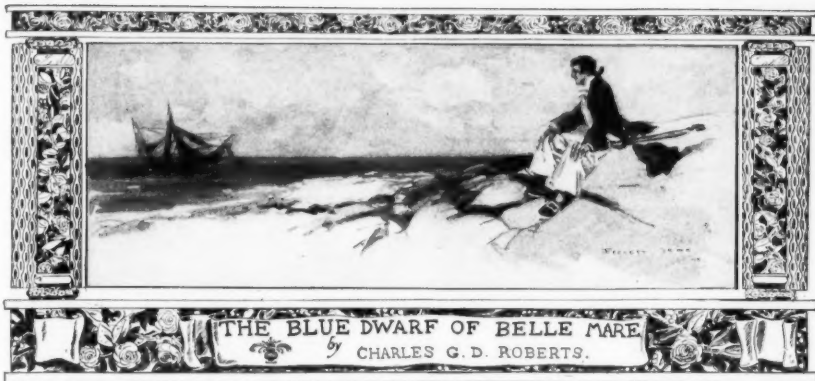
"Bill!" said the younger, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bear."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes the bear's had 'em."



Columbia Ground Squirrel.



THE sun was shining hot and bright in my face as I opened my eyes. This was not unusual; but I felt a moment's wonder at the intolerable inflexibility of my couch. Then a choking sense of horror came over me, preceding the realization of my miserable plight. I sat up, bracing myself with my hands on either side upon the warm, wave-rounded rocks, and turned my eager gaze toward the sea.

A few paces below me the water was lapping with a simulated mildness, a sort of reticent pulsation which barely hinted at the turmoil still prevailing beyond the windless shelter of the cove. Past the yellow-brown rock jumble of the point, the waves still ran high, with a purple undertone in their blueness which told of a fury not yet quite assuaged.

Further out, perhaps a mile from my refuge, a low reef stood up sharply from a snarl of white surf; and on the easternmost spur of it clung the fragment of a ship's prow, with bowsprit pointing straight heavenward. I noted that it was the time of low tide, which counted for the reef's exposure. I noted, too, but without even the dulllest surprise, that no living soul was to be seen about the wreck. Neither was there wreckage along the shore anywhere within my straining vision. I covered my eyes with both hands, and my throat contracted in a dry sob. Of the merry little company that had sailed from Boston for Halifax in the *God's Providence*, manifestly it was I alone who was left alive.

Presently I got up, resolved that in this bitter strait I would yield to no un-

nerving remembrances. What had fallen, had fallen. I would set my face toward the days to come, and demand of life compensation for this brute buffet. The sun was near to the height of noon. By journeying a little to the west of north, straight across the peninsula, I reckoned I should without fail strike some one of the Acadian settlements between Annapolis and Grand Pré; for I calculated that I was now not far from the lonely harbor of Rossignol, on the Atlantic coast of Acadia.

Exhausted to the verge of death by my long swim through the darkness, I had slept perhaps twelve hours there on the naked rocks, and the mid-summer sun had well-nigh dried my uniform. My hat was gone; my black hair, at all times rebellious, was now confirmed in wiry curls crisp with salt. My sword was still at my side, crusted into the sodden scabbard. I drew it forth, looked with discontent upon the swift encroachment of rust, and then debased it to the task of prying oysters from the rocks for my noon meal. In faith, I had a hunger that proved me still all sound and whole. I ate abundantly, not knowing how long it might be ere I should again have food more satisfying than the berries of the inland woods.

The beach at this point was skirted by a line of cliff, of no great height, but just here in a measure unassailable.

I walked perhaps a mile to the west, over rock and sand, seeking trace of my lost comrades. But some whimsical current of the coast had carried them otherwheres. Then, scaling the heights—f, being in truth so low, they might be called

heights by a stranger's courtesy—I retraced my steps to a point immediately overlooking the spot where my senses had so late returned to me, wishing from that elevation, the highest in the neighborhood, to take a final and more extended view before plunging into the forest. I approached the fringe of green shrub which masked the brink of the cliff. But on the instant, instead of parting the foliage to peer forth, I dropped like lightning behind its shelter.

Below me, so near that I might have dropped a stone among them, was a band of Indians, the Micmacs of Acadia, examining with attention my footmarks on a patch of sand, and gesticulating toward the wreck. A moment more and they started at a lasting, deliberate lope along my trail.

I knew of these Micmacs. Just at this time French and English were vying with each other in the bloody game of paying for scalps. Never had the price of an English scalp been so high. The Micmacs were a brave and businesslike tribe, caring little for bloodshed in itself, but quite merciless when they had an object in view. Scalp money was always an object. When, therefore, there was no bounty on scalps, they took prisoners, and treated them with easy tolerance till exchanged. With a price on scalps, prisoners became a mere tradition. I thanked a merciful heaven, therefore, which had so led me back upon my trail and warned me of my imminent peril. I praised my sires, who had bequeathed to me great strength of wind and limb and a certain handiness in running; and I bethought me of some cunning in woodcraft learned among the rocky hills of New Hampshire. It was not without good hope of baffling my sleuth-like pursuers, then, that I dropped back into the woods and ran, at a good pace, northward. The earth being soft here, and the trail broadly palpable, I ran straight on without subterfuge, de-

pending upon my start and my speed to enlarge my distance.

An hour later I came out upon an open, ragged, hard-crust country of thickets and boulders. Here I ran cunningly, breaking my trail from time to time, and seizing every chance to draw it blind. This reach of barren was about two leagues across, and I struck the thick woodland again at a point much west of the general trend of my course. Here encountering a shallow brook, babbling westerly, I trotted with patience down its shaded channel for the space of an hour. Its amber stream was swept in places by

sturdy boughs of ash, maple, or water birch; and by and by, feeling spent, I swung myself neatly up into a tree, clambered from that to the next and yet the next, as a liveried ape might have done, and coming to a broad, commodious crotch, rested moveless for half an hour. Then, feeling that I had set my pursuers a task to try their perspicacity, I dropped to the mossy ground and hastened directly northward, hungry indeed, but not a little pleased with myself.

While it wanted yet an hour or more of sunset, the woods fell away before me, and I found myself on the edge of a ravine at whose bottom clamored a lively little river. Two or three hun-

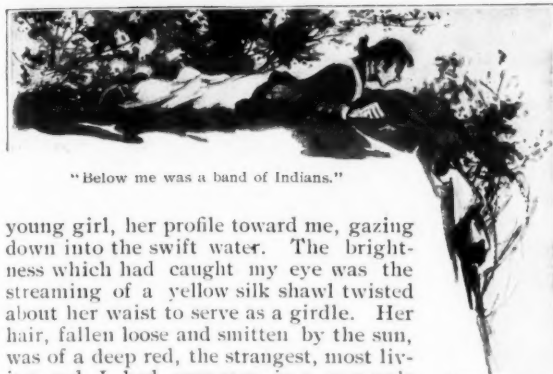
dred yards to the right the ravine turned northward at an acute angle. There was a blithe music about this wilderness water, which made me think it good company for a solitary fugitive; and, moreover, I saw no chance to cross it. I resolved to follow it until some better course should present itself.

I was letting myself down the steep, when from the corner of my eye I caught glimpse of something bright a-flutter on the wind. I raised my eyes—and held my breath with astonishment.

Straight across the ravine, scarce fifty paces as the bee flies, leaning against the tilted trunk of an old birch tree, stood a



"And then debased it to the task of prying oysters."



"Below me was a band of Indians."

young girl, her profile toward me, gazing down into the swift water. The brightness which had caught my eye was the streaming of a yellow silk shawl twisted about her waist to serve as a girdle. Her hair, fallen loose and smitten by the sun, was of a deep red, the strangest, most living red I had ever seen in a woman's locks. Of a dull green was the gown which hung almost to her ankles, showing dainty yellow leggings of deerskin. Her gown had no sleeves, and her arms, round but girlishly slim, were tanned, like her face, to a glowing ivory richness. The profile was of a purity that made me think of certain engravings from old Greek seals, contained in a folio of my friend Master Anthony Apgood's, in Boston.

For some seconds I almost feared to breathe, lest she should dissolve and vanish. Presently I said, speaking clearly but not loudly:

"Are you a woman, or a fairy, or the witch of these wild waters, or a dream?"

With a slight start, she lifted her head and looked at me. I could not, at the distance, tell the color of her eyes, but they were very large; set far apart under a serene, low brow, and very dark.

"Plainly," thought I, "she does not understand English."

But in French I felt constrained to stick to the most direct and simple phrases.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "I am a stranger, and pursued by enemies who seek my life. I am an English officer, lately shipwrecked on your coast. I beg the hospitality and protection of your house!"

Her face had changed as I spoke, like a summer pool under veering gusts. First pity; then a darkening of anger; then compassion again, and a rising interest; then fear. And straightway she answered:

"Yes, monsieur! But, oh, no! no! There is danger. Do not come. Go away, go!" And pointing vehemently up the stream she turned and vanished behind the thick branches.

I did not obey the gesture; and the tones of her voice were not command at all, but entreaty. Moreover, there was danger, she said. The danger behind, from which I had been fleeing so diligently, was forgotten, and even more diligently I set myself to seek that danger lying ahead. I desired it, because it was likely to afford me at least one further chance to speak with, or to look at her.



In an instant I was at the water's edge. There was no practicable ford; so I ran in feverish haste down the bank.

After turning the abrupt corner, of which I have already spoken, the stream ran between smooth, perpendicular walls, and I was obliged to climb once more about half way up the side of the glen, which now swept to the right in a bold curve. A stone's throw further on, the walls parted, and I found myself upon the lip of a mountain tarn, the fairest

water my eyes had ever rested upon. There was magic in the transparency of the spacious pool, whose surface, unruffled save where the hurried river came in, flashed with their emerald lights along the nearer shore. In three or four places the greenery of the summer forest slipped fairly down to the water; but everywhere else a smooth wall of dark yellowish rock rose to a height of ten or fifteen feet above the windless mirror. The whole amphitheatre engirdling this liquid crystal was not a third of a mile across. There was no apparent outlet to the pool; but as I gazed in bewilderment I discovered a darkness in the rock wall opposite, and made it out to be the mouth of a low cavern. I thought, too, there was a disturbance of the water at that point, and concluded that there the pool's overflow was sucked down into the heart of the hills.

My instant desire was to get over to that side of the water where the vision of the ravine had disappeared. But straight ahead I saw a little cottage, of a rain-beaten gray and with wide, flaring eaves, snuggled down into the leafage. Here, doubtless, dwelt the lady elusive; and hither she must come by the long way around the pool. I resolved to be there ahead of her. I pushed forward with more haste than circumspection.

Through the partial screen of branches I caught view of a little garden plot, neatly tilled; and then a smooth yard space, sloping from the cottage threshold to the pool. The place looked not perilous, unless its very magic were a peril. There was no wind, the circumscribing hills being so high. There was no sound, not so much as of a bird singing, or a hyla piping in the leaves.

But suddenly from up the veiled slope came a low, swishing murmur as of a



"Straight across the ravine stood a young girl."

body pushing swiftly through a grain field. I could not explain it; and there was some thing ominous about it. Instantly on the alert, I drew away from the thicket and nearer to the rock-rim of the pool. A moment later the thicket swayed with noiseless vehemence.

Instinctively I sprang aside, drawing my sword in the same motion; and as I did so a long, yellow body shot from the leafage. In the ruddy light it was like a glowing thunderbolt. I saw the flattened ears, the wide, greenly-flaming eyes, the set, bared claws.

Had I not jumped, the panther would have caught me on the shoulders. But I *had* jumped, and as the shape of death passed

by through the air my sword pierced it in mid-loins, smoothly.

There was a harsh screech; and clinging to the sword hilt I was thrown to my knees, as the bulk went on. My grip was not to be broken, so the steel dragged clear again; and the beast, doubling himself under the stroke, came to the ground upon his head and rolled over the clean brink into the water. I sprang to look down, and saw him sink like lead, leaving a discolored foam behind him.

It was a neat stroke, neatly timed. I wiped my sword with no small satisfaction.

But as I looked up again, toward the cottage, the complacency upon my face must have faded into anxious amazement. The new foe whom I saw, darting toward me in malignant and ominous silence, was of a fashion quite strange to me. At first glance I did not recognize it for human. Then I perceived it to be a baboon-like dwarf, with square head, set close upon shoulders of amazing breadth, and arms of such a length as to almost reach the ground. His twisted legs were

ludicrously thin for the support of his misshapen trunk, but were sufficient to propel him toward me with a speed which seemed beyond all necessity. He wore a coat of ragged fur which added to his brutelike aspect; and his mouth was wide grinning, like an angry but breathless dog's. All this was no more than interesting to me; but there was something else that at first, I confess, went far to shake my self-possession. His hairless face was blue—a horrid, unnatural color. I could see that his strength was greater than that of ordinary men; yet he seemed to me rash in attacking, unarmed, one who had just shown himself at least a ready swordsman.

He was descending upon me, not twenty paces distant; and his yellow eyes, boring into mine, seemed like sword blades in themselves. I stood lightly balanced, ready and determined not to kill if I could avoid it; for this horrible being, I guessed, was a servitor to the maid of the rocks. Suddenly a huge knife, whipped from under the ragged coat of fur, was hurled at me, swift and illusive as a flash of light.

My readiness saved me, however. I swerved at the same breath. With a lightning parry, my sword turned the vicious missile, and it went hurtling idly aside into the underbrush. On the very hiss of his diverted weapon, however, came my antagonist. It was no moment for the courtesies of the code. Perforce I stooped to tricks. In fact, to this trick I fell down, so that, in falling, my outstretched foot intercepted his ridiculous, spindling shanks. With a kind of squeal of rage and terror, he went sprawling headlong over the brink, vainly clutching for a hold. I heard him splash heavily into the emerald crystal of the pool.

In leisurely fashion I stepped to the

brink to look down upon my discomfited assailant, whose wrath I hoped would be something cooled by the bath. To my surprise, I saw that he could not swim. A pillow of air beneath his skin coat kept him grotesquely buoyed up for the moment, but he was aimlessly thrashing the water with his long arms, and his set eyes, staring with deadly fear, were fixed upon a point in the rock-wall about fifty yards to the left of where I stood.

I was puzzled at this. Then I noted that, placid as the pool appeared, there was a current. The dwarf was already

several yards away. I craned my neck over the brink, to follow his agonizing gaze. I saw a slight, oil-smooth depression there under the rock wall. It was plain the pool had two underground outlets, which probably united somewhere in the bowels of the mountain. Even as I looked, I saw the tawny carcass of the panther I had slain lurch slowly to the surface just at the lip of that malignant smoothness, then vanish with a kicking plunge, as if snatched by an unseen hand.

I understood my enemy's terror. Glancing down upon him with something like compassion, I caught his eye upturned to mine with a wild appeal which would surely have melted me had

he been the devil himself. I remembered that great knife darting at my throat. I thought of what might have been the choking clutch of those huge, hideous hands. But it was not to be endured that the creature should go shrieking down that vortex under the rock. I threw off my sword belt.

"Courage!" I cried to him, in French; "I'll pull you out, my lad!" and over I went.

God! but that fair water was cold, cold beyond telling. I shuddered and gasped,



"Instinctively I sprang aside."

and felt for half an instant curiously atrait. Then with a vexed laugh, I got grip on my nerve again. Half a dozen strokes and I was up to my adversary. Just out of reach of his long, struggling arms I paused.

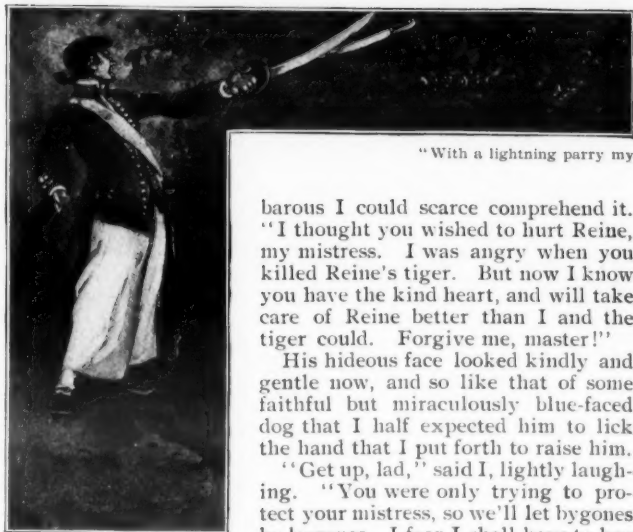
"Keep still!" I ordered, sternly. "Don't touch me! I'll save you!"

The thrashing stopped. Swimming around behind him, I seized him by the neck of his jacket, and struck out for shore, aiming at a point some five rods further up, where the cliff was broken down sufficiently to afford a landing.

Not till I tried to swim against it did I realize the force of the glassy current which was drawing us so noiselessly toward that horrible pit. There seemed a cruel magic in it; or possibly it was the depressing influence of the cold, and of the strange, ghostly twilight now settling upon the pool, that deadened my forces. The light, seeming to wave across the water as an enchantment, was a mingling of the sunset's amber green with pinkish rays of a distorted moon just rising through the hill-top firs. Through this elvish atmosphere I swam painfully, slowly, and with something of a panic dread close upon my heels. When we reached the broken rocks I know not which, the dwarf or I, was in the greater haste to climb ashore.

It never occurred to me that there could be anything more to be dreaded from the creature I had just saved; but I was not prepared for the idolatrous fervor with which, as soon as we had both gained the top of the rocks, he threw himself at my feet. Looking up at my face, his mouth wide with a grin which was now sheer ecstasy, he fawned upon me like a dog.

"Master, I didn't know you were good," he cried, in a voice that was soft and sweet, but a French that was so bar-



"With a lightning parry my

barous I could scarce comprehend it. "I thought you wished to hurt Reine, my mistress. I was angry when you killed Reine's tiger. But now I know you have the kind heart, and will take care of Reine better than I and the tiger could. Forgive me, master!"

His hideous face looked kindly and gentle now, and so like that of some faithful but miraculously blue-faced dog that I half expected him to lick the hand that I put forth to raise him.

"Get up, lad," said I, lightly laughing. "You were only trying to protect your mistress, so we'll let bygones be bygones. I fear I shall have to beg you and your mistress to protect me, before many hours go by. Take me to her, pray."

"She is here, monsieur, and has no words to thank as you deserve for the rescue of her loved and faithful servant," said a clear, sweet voice at my side.

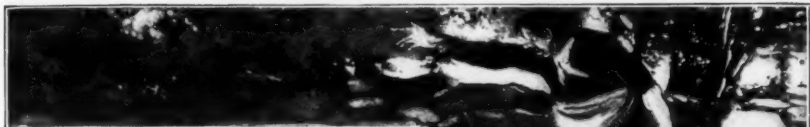
It was the French of gentlefolk. I turned, my veins thrilling with pleasure and surprise. The lady of the ravine was beside me.

"But to my great sorrow, I was compelled to kill another favorite of yours, mademoiselle," I cried. "Your great panther gave me a most inhospitable greeting. Will you forgive me?"

"Poor Kitten!" she exclaimed, a sadness in her voice. And then, with a faint smile, "He was apt to be hasty with strangers! But what is this protection you ask of such poor and lonely folk as Bebe and me?"

"I see plainly that you cannot help me—that I should only involve you in my own ruin!" said I. "Therefore, I must bid you farewell and hasten onward!"

"You shall not evade my hospitality so, monsieur!" she replied, quietly positive. "Bear in mind that we are solitary here, and having killed poor Kitten you owe us at least some entertainment. Tell me your peril—and that will tell me what brings you to the shunned valley of Belle Mare."



sword turned the vicious missile."

"A word explains it all, mademoiselle," said I. "I am an English officer. The ship on which I was voyaging from Boston to Halifax was wrecked on your coast last night. I alone escaped to land. A band of savages, discovering my foot-steps on the sandy beach, have followed me, coveting the price of my scalp. I think I have outwitted them; but, if not, they will be here within the hour. I must be gone, or their ferocity will turn upon you." And bowing low, I set my face toward the northward steep.

"Stay, monsieur," she said, putting her hand upon my dripping sleeve to detain me, whereat I stopped perforce. "No Indian will dare to molest you here!"

The dwarf, who had been crouching at our feet, his long arms spread wide, gazing raptly up into our faces, arose nimbly.

"Redskins!" he muttered with scorn, very humanly oblivious to the peculiarities of his own complexion, and waddled swiftly to fetch my sword and belt. Clearly my hosts had nothing to fear from the savages, even if they should come to Belle Mare.

"Then I am most gladly and gratefully at your service, most gracious one," said I.

Side by side, the dwarf at our heels, we walked up through the sweet-smelling shrubs toward the lawn before the cottage porch. With the whitening moonlight the air of the valley grew chill; but there was no mist. The clearness was, somehow, like that of a magic crystal. The common world of men was eternities behind me. The grave, beautiful girl at my side, in the green gown that seemed to melt into the leafage, was half enchantress, half child, but all a queen, a queen of faerie. I, a sober New Englander, an officer in the royal army, with a substantial estate in New Hampshire and certain substantial and circumspect kinsfolk in Boston, was burning to lay all my substance and respectability at her little moccasined feet.

I turned for refuge to the sound of my own voice.

"Mademoiselle Reine," I said, "why did you——"

"My name is Lys," she interrupted, smiling. "Reine is but Bebe's name for me."

"I know not which is the more supremely fitting," I rejoined, "or whether you be most a queen or most a flower."

This was not the direction of escape to explicit sanity, so I continued, "Tell me, then, O queen of lilies, why that amiable panther who fell upon my swordpoint had been taught by you to rend scarlet coat."

"It was my father taught him," she answered. "He came here, years ago, bringing Bebe and me, a child of six. Since then, monsieur, with the exception of my dear father, you are the only man of my own kind—of gentle breeding, I mean—whom I have seen. My father had suffered some great wrong at the hands of the English soldiery—I know not what, but it was ever on his mind, and when Bebe found the panther cub, my father brought it up so that it might kill an English soldier if ever it should see one. To us Kitten was gentle and loving. My father died three years ago. He was a great scholar. He taught me. Since his death I have been most wretched. But my faithful Bebe takes care of me. I have my harp, my books. And some day, if the saints permit, I shall go back into the wonders of the great world!"

"The great world, mademoiselle, contains no such wonder as yourself!" I exclaimed.

As we came at this moment to the cottage door, she made no reply to this blunt assault, but welcomed me sweetly over the threshold.

There was no hallway. I found myself at once in a small but well-appointed living room. The broad moonlight, flooding through two windows, showed books all about the walls, a settee and low chair or two draped with skins, and a gilded harp beside the open fireplace. Through a doorway on the left came a warm, wavering light from the kitchen hearth.

"Well have you called the place 'Belle Mare,' mademoiselle," said I, intoxicated with the beauty of herself and this her little kingdom of dream.

Before she could reply there came a long hail across the water, and she laughed softly.

"There they are, your Indian friends, monsieur!" she exclaimed. "You do not find our Acadian savages so easy to throw off the trail!"

A wave of horrible misgiving passed over me. What if the blood-thirsty wretches should, after all, turn upon her! I felt for my sword-hilt.

"Are you sure, mademoiselle," I pleaded in a voice whose intensity must have told her more than the words could, "that they will not harm or annoy you? Unless you are quite sure, I will go out and give myself up at once!"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, putting out her hand with a little detaining gesture which made my heart jump. "I mean, certainly they will not harm me, or you, or Bebe, or this place. Only they will delay supper, and you are wet and hungry," she added lightly.

Meanwhile the dwarf, stepping out upon the moonlight grass, had answered the hail with a peculiar cry.

"Is the good panther tied up, father?" came the question, in broken French.

"It is dead. You can come in safety," answered the dwarf. The sounds carried like bell notes on the clear air.

"Will they come in here? Will they see you?" I asked, still doubtful.

"No, Bebe will talk to them, and send them away," said she. "They think him a kind of god, and almost worship his poor blue face."

"What will he tell them?" I questioned.

"We will stand here at this side of the window, where they can't see us," she replied, taking my hand in her soft little fingers and bestowing me in the spot she thought fitting. "And you shall hear for yourself just what my good Bebe may de-

cide to say. I leave all these things to his sagacity."

The squat monster took on a new interest in my eyes; but as I looked at him, waiting there in the moonlight with a grotesque dignity that made me feel like the spectator of an acted fairy tale, I was conscious of one thing most real. That was, the slight, bewildering warmth of her bare arm, as she stood close to my side. That, just then, was the great thing. The approaching savages, hungry for my scalp, were an episode.

We stood in a pulsing, eloquent silence, as the savages came trotting in single file along the rim of the pool, and up the slope—a full score of them in their paint and feathers. Not a word was said as they came up. Four or five paces from the motionless dwarf they stopped, ranged themselves in a semi-circle before him, and waited.

"Well!" said Bebe, in a tone which meant "Go on. Say what you want."

The leader held out his hand, palm up, with a gesture of deference.

"The wise father knows," said he, "that we seek the stranger, the Englishman, our enemy."

"Yes!" said Bebe, coldly.

"Let not the wise father be angry," went on the savage orator. "Is the stranger here?"

"He is in the house," answered the dwarf, with deliberate calm.

"Will not the wise father send him forth to us? He is ours!" urged the red-skin.

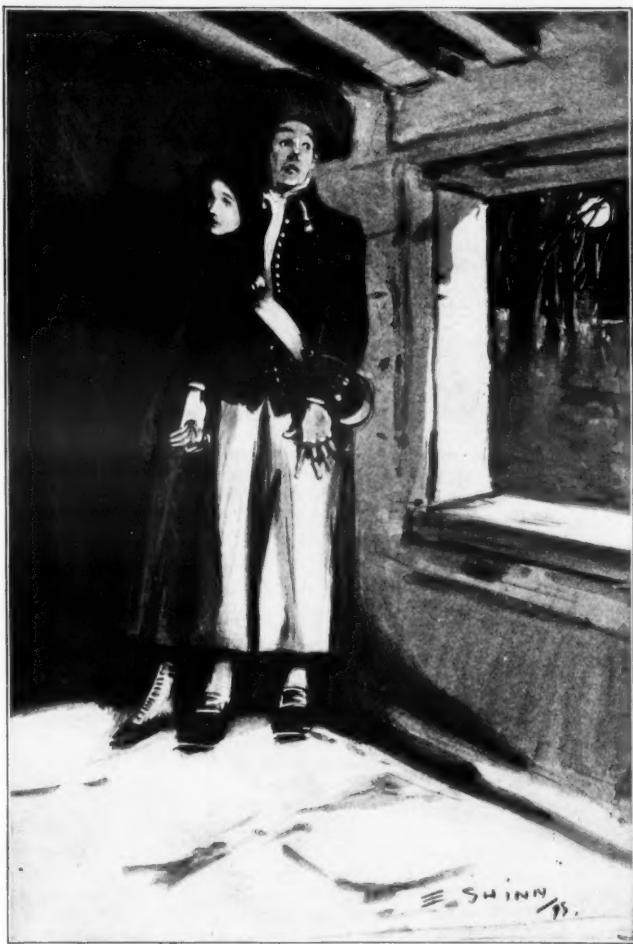
The dwarf seemed suddenly to tower, and a great voice came from him that filled all the valley.

"Fools!" rang the trumpet of his throat. "He is not yours. He is mine. Would you bid me betray my guest?"

The semi-circle seemed to shrink, each man drawing closer to his fellow. Then the dwarf's voice softened, grew tender and persuasive.

"Sit and I will talk to you a little," said he.

Instantly they squatted themselves upon their haunches, knees up nearly to their chins, attentive, obedient, utterly ridiculous figures, stiff as wooden images. Their eyes, full of awe, followed the dwarf as he moved slowly to and fro from one tip of the crescent to the other, fixing each Indian in turn with his magnetizing stare.



"We will stand here at this side of the window where they can't see us."

"Listen, my children," he began at length, "and I will tell you all, that I may not seem to do you any injustice. My great, white father, who was gathered to his fathers three winters back, and who was ever your kind friend, left behind him in his own country a sister who was married to an Englishman. That sister had a son, a boy in those days. He grew to manhood, and became a great warrior among the English, our enemies. But—he is Reine's cousin! My children, the stranger whom you pursue is that Eng-

lishman, my white father's sister's son, Reine's cousin!"

He paused, dramatically. The savages grunted comprehension. I turned to the girl, full of wonder at such readiness. Her eyes were shining, her lips parted. The tale did not displease her.

Presently the dwarf resumed his harangue, gravely gesticulating.

"The stranger, no stranger but our own close kin" (I saw Reine smile at this stupendous claim), "was on his way to find us when the storm overwhelmed his ship.

He escaped. You followed, thirsting for his innocent blood." (Here the voice again awoke the echoes over the water.) "Had you slain him——" he stopped, and in his silence there was a menace at which his red listeners shuddered. Even I felt the threat. Then his voice grew gentle again. "But you did not know, my children, and I forgive you. The Englishman will rest here with us, till the moon of the morning hoarfrosts." (I looked at my beautiful companion, and her eyes said yes to the surprising statement). "Then, for a time, he will take us to Reine's people and his people." (I thrilled wildly at this. "I have a mother, who would love you. May I?" I whispered; and got no direct denial). "Then, my children, he will marry Reine, and we will come back to Belle Mare and to you, and be good to you in the hard winters when the salmon and the bear's meat run low. The saints guard you. Farewell!" and waving them off he turned in squat majesty back to the house.

As one in a dream I saw the savages rise and file away like shadows. But that was irrelevant. My head was humming, my heart thumping, at that last wildly sweet picture. I turned to Reine, but she was no longer at my side. She stood at the door, a suggestion of ice in the calm of her fine profile.

"Mademoiselle Lys," I began in a low voice, "do not crush me for my presumption, but I swear to you before God that if this strange fellow prove not a true prophet then life is of no more worth to me!"

She did not turn her head, but she answered coldly:

"His presumption trespasses beyond all pardon, monsieur. He shall be punished. But I beg you to think no more of his folly!"

"I shall never cease to think of it, Mademoiselle—Reine!" I murmured.

"Then I forbid you to speak of it, monsieur," she retorted, severely.

The dwarf, meanwhile, had come in,

thrown himself down upon the floor, and was looking up at us with fidelity in his yellow eyes and a doglike grin on his astounding mouth. Reine paid no heed to him. She was angry, and her small brown fingers were knotted hard in the yellow shawl.

"If you are angry at me, mademoiselle," I said, "there is nothing for me to do but make my farewells at once, and go!"

She turned quickly, and the anger died out of her face, to leave only a mirthful spark behind it.

"Yes, monsieur, go and betray Bebe's wicked lying to the savages, and get us all killed," she exclaimed. "Oh, no, you are not to blame, poor gentleman. You could not in courtesy say less than you have said, to save my blushes. Believe me, I remember it not, save as showing you can be most courteous to a maid when her servant has shamed her. But I desire you to prove him a true prophet in this, monsieur—that you will rest here with us at Belle Mare till the moon of the morning hoarfrosts."

I bowed gravely.

"I will accept your gracious hospitality, Mademoiselle Lys," said I, "for as long as my duties will permit—and long enough, I trust, to persuade you to let me carry further the question of Bebe's gift in prophecy!"

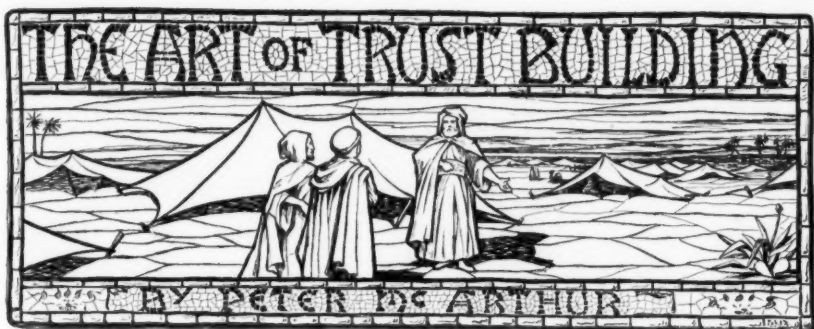
Her chin went up in the air.

"You will make me repent of my courtesy to you, monsieur!" she said.

"Pardon me, pardon me, mademoiselle. I will set guard upon my lips!" I murmured.

But the dwarf, seeing that his adored mistress had turned her back upon us both, rolled upon me a yellow glance of droll encouragement.

"Lad," said I, holding out my hand to him, "right well have you repaid to me that little debt not yet an hour old. I thank you for my life—and hope!" I added under my breath.

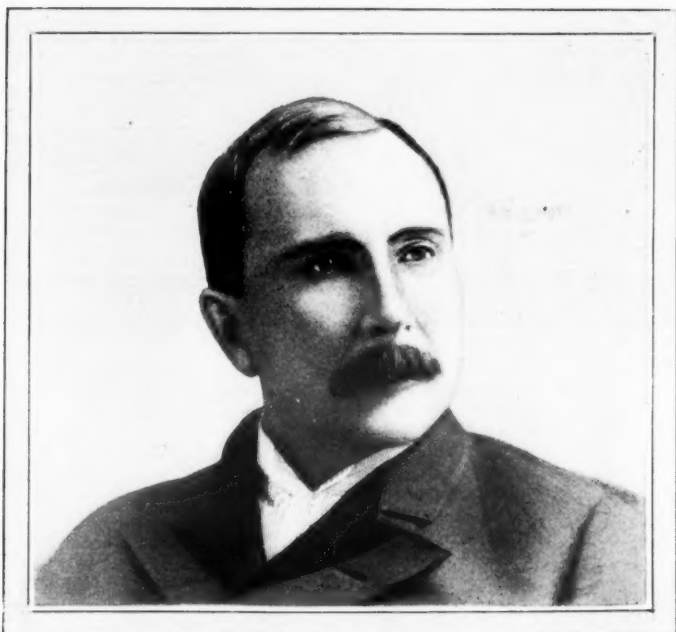


VIEWED simply as an achievement of human energy and administrative ability the trust easily ranks as one of the wonders of "The Miraculous Century." It is the most highly specialized commercial organism the world has ever known, a dream of avarice that has become an established fact. If our trust builders would be satisfied with their due, the just rewards of having secured the highest efficiency with the least possible expenditure of energy, the trust would be a model institution that altruists could gloat over, and no well-organized Utopia would be without one; but unfortunately they find themselves in a position to annihilate competition, regulate prices, and reap the harvest of monopoly—and human nature is as weak as it is strong.

As far as its aims are concerned, there is nothing new about the trust—using the word in its popular sense, as embracing all organizations, pools, rings, agreements and other schemes, employed by men who aim at doing away with competition and securing to themselves the control of any commodity, enterprise or source of profit—and even some of its forms are as old as the foundations of history. What many fondly suppose to be its most modern manifestation, the "Gentlemen's Agreement," is concisely described in the book of Genesis. When Abraham and Lot found that their substance was so great that the land could not bear them that they should dwell together, they made a partition of territory in the most approved fashion and organized what would now be known as the "Pasture Trust." Lot chose the valley of the Jordan and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan, and there is no reason to believe that they consulted the

Perizites or Canaanites any more than Mr. Rockefeller and the Russian Minister of Finance consulted the "poor white trash" and the Crim Tartars when making a similar arrangement regarding the oil trade. The monopolies secured in past times by supple-kneed courtiers were the same in purpose and effect as the modern trust, and differed only in their manner of being established. What the courtier secured by fawning on a capricious tyrant, the free-born American acquires by his business sagacity, daring and power of organization, and for that reason his position is more impregnable. Having acquired the special privileges he enjoys in spite of the law, it has thus far been impossible for the law to wrest them from him.

Although monopoly has always been the ambition of business men, it was not until the present century that it became possible without government protection, and the changed conditions that made it so also made it inevitable. The trusts were really made necessary from a business point of view by the ruinous competition resulting from improved methods of transportation and communication. When the railroads and steamboats made it possible for commodities to be moved rapidly and inexpensively, the increased competition became a menace to every commercial enterprise. In a country like the United States, whose natural resources are practically unlimited, and where the tendency was, as it still is in every open market, for manufacture to keep pace with the production of raw materials, over-production became frequent and depression and stagnation followed as a matter of course. But improved methods of transportation made it possible for the

*Dana photo.*

John D. Rockefeller.

The Head of the Standard Oil Trust.

glutted centres to throw their goods on markets that still gave profitable prices, with the result that firms doing a conservative business were frequently driven to the wall by the irresponsible competition of those that were trying to save themselves by getting what they could for the commodities that were lying on their hands. The telegraph, when introduced, made it possible to communicate with every part of the country so rapidly that movements of this kind became so frequent as to make small enterprises unstable, and failures among them were frequent and disastrous. Not only were individuals ruined, but labor was unsettled, and widespread misery often resulted.

The expedient was then tried of centralizing capital and manufacturing on a larger scale in the hope that the cost of production could be lowered to a point where competition need not be feared. But although this improved matters for a time it failed to bring permanent relief. Over-production continued and competition soon revived on a larger scale than

ever with the same disastrous results. But a point had been reached where combination was possible owing to the smaller number and importance of the firms doing business, and therefore, according to Stephenson's oft-quoted remark, "competition became impossible." Rings of various kinds were formed; but they were unsuccessful because those who were parties to them failed to live up to their agreements. Individuals could not resist when opportunities offered for a profit by underselling their allies, and they did it without fear, as the courts would not punish them, because all combinations in restraint of trade are held to be against sound public policy and consequently illegal. The pools by which producers placed all their commodity in the hands of a central agent, whose business it was to sell the goods provided at a stated price, while the parties to the pool produced a limited amount that would create an artificial scarcity, were equally futile, and for the same reason. Members of these rings and pools persisted in sell-



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Henry O. Havemeyer.

The Head of the Sugar Trust.

ing in spite of their agreements, and thereby gaining an unfair advantage. The trust principle, however, had been introduced into commercial life, and it was not to be stamped out readily either by failures or by legal prosecutions.

Of course it is quite conceivable that monopoly could be built by pursuing the methods that have the approval of the ages, but the tendency is not in that direction. A firm with a good working capital that was satisfied with reasonable profits, might use its gains to extend its business cautiously, as the farmer whom Beecher met that fed hogs to make money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to make more money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to make more money to buy more land *ad infinitum*. The progress made in this way would be slow, but, barring accidents and irresponsible competition, it would be sure, and in time would result in driving all competitors out of the market. A success of this kind is a favorite with the biographers of self-made

men, and is the kind that even the most rapacious trust-builder would like to get credit for. But although the men who make haste to get rich admire these methods, and not infrequently recommend them smugly to Sunday school classes and young men who are beginning life, they invariably adopt methods more daring and rapid. Instead of waiting until competition has been overcome by careful business methods, they wipe it out by combination and enter into their reward without delay.

The nucleus of a trust is usually a firm that has gained a pre-eminence over its rivals that places it in a position to dictate the terms on which it will make an arrangement to do away with competition. On the other hand a comparatively weak firm may get control of some invention or other advantage, and not wishing to waste this advantage in cut-throat competition, will induce its rivals to combine. In no case, however, are the trust builders altruistic in their methods. They benefit only the people who can benefit them,

and stop combining at the point where they feel that their aggregate capital and other advantages are sufficient to enable them to crush out all the rivals they may have in their particular line of business. It seldom happens that when first formed a trust controls the whole market. Besides the people who are not wanted, there are always some foolish firms that think that they are able to compete with the trust; but if the organizer is at all worthy to sit in the richly upholstered seats of the mighty, the rebels and outcasts are speedily wiped out of existence.

As death comes in countless ways, so also do the trusts. Every variety of business has its own methods of organizing according to its needs, but though the trusts differ in form their purpose is always the same—to secure a monopoly. In order to give an idea of the organizations by which this end is attained it will be necessary to consider one of the most popular forms. The first that suggests itself is "the parent of all trusts," as it has been called with some show of pride—the Standard Oil. Without tracing it through its various forms from the South Improvement Co., which got rid of its body as soon as the courts showed that it had no soul, to its present stupendous corporate perfection, the principles that underlie its development will be considered. The methods employed to make these principles operative have been the subject of court inquiries and legislative investigations, but though their very existence has been denied these principles continued and still continue to work themselves out in spite of every proposition.

The Standard Oil Company began with an organization of bright and mild-mannered young men, one of whom had an idea capable of greater development than even he ever dreamed of. In truth, this organization, which so fires the imagination, is now beyond the mental grasp of any man, and even of the men who built it. It shows, as do the laws of nature, the effects of sound principles when inexorably applied. These principles are to control production, eliminate competition, and secure the highest efficiency with the least possible waste, and they lead to individual and corporate success, whatever their effect may be on the public at large. The idea of the organizer of the South Improvement Co., which was the germ of the Standard Oil, was a master stroke,

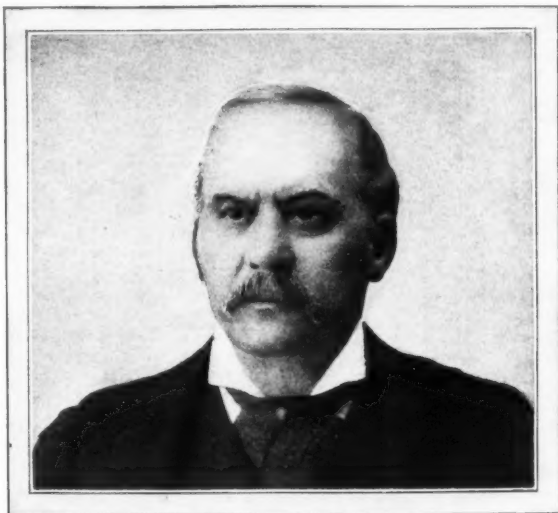
being nothing more nor less than that of using the chief instrument of competition as a means to annihilate all competition. It was the improved means of transportation offered by the railroads and steamships that made competition so keen, and this genius proposed to secure the cooperation of these common carriers to give him an advantage over his competitors. It is at once obvious that if he could get the material produced by the combination he represented, carried at a lower rate than could his rivals, he would have an advantage that would speedily work their undoing. This advantage he gained, though to inquire how would perhaps be "to inquire too curiously." This youthful and ambitious company was in no wise embarrassed by the sudden increase in freight rates that practically closed all markets to its rivals. On the contrary, it began to push its business with unusual energy and to "reconcile rival interests" by forcing other concerns to join the new combination or be crushed out of existence. As dollars are wonderfully gregarious, the members of the ever-growing combination soon had at their command an amount of capital sufficient for any venture. Wherever opposition reared its hateful head, the power of concentrated wealth was called into play; railroad and steamship rates went up mysteriously, the rival firms were undersold in all their markets, and the meek began to inherit the earth.

As the business increased, it became necessary to devise an organization that would be at once effective in keeping the members up to their agreement and at the same time give them "the law o' their side." In order to do this an old and honorable form of legal procedure was followed in letter, but marvelously distorted in spirit. The owners of the various companies in the combination and a sufficient number of shareholders in other companies turned over their stock and properties to trustees, whose task it was to conduct the business for the beneficiaries. These trustees were empowered to purchase all other concerns that were needed to give the desired strength to the combination. The next step was to organize one company in each State to do the work of the old companies; and the men who had handed over their interest to these trustees were paid in trust certificates, equal in amount to the stock they were entitled to in these

new concerns. The next step was to pool the accumulated experience of the members of the combination, so that the most improved methods of producing refined oil could be used in the various factories under their control. This alone gave them an advantage over their rivals that should have been sufficient without the co-operation of the railroads; but they were not men to do things by halves or slowly. Every month increased and made more available their concentrated wealth, and, knowing they were on the right path, pursued it to the end, and how well they succeeded let the records of the futile

industries, and the trusts are prevented from making all the money in sight, because they cannot sell enough of the central product to supply enough of the waste material that they turn to such excellent account.

Skilled inventors who could not be employed by small concerns were kept at work devising improved methods and machinery, and every advantage gained in this way was carefully guarded. Every other manufacturing trust adopts the same methods, and as a result their work is done with a secrecy that of itself brings about some results worthy of notice. In



J. Pierpont Morgan.

Organizer and Financier.

courts and their munificent philanthropies attest.

The next step in their development was to put an end to all waste production and to create new industries. The best talent procurable was employed to develop the possibilities of what was only waste material to the small refiners; and now everything that is pumped from the earth is used to the last ounce. Skilled chemists have developed petroleum products until they now form industries equally important as illuminating and lubricating oils. In the cases of some other trusts that have adopted this plan, the by-products have become more important than the original

order that processes may not be stolen, no men, except those whose loyalty is unquestioned and who are bound by self-interest not to divulge, is permitted to know them in their entirety. One man is taught to do one thing, or part of one thing, and to ask no questions. This specialization serves another purpose besides promoting secrecy, however, and one that is quite in line with the modern system of organization. The man who does only one thing naturally develops a proficiency that can be acquired only by constant practice, and it naturally enables him to accomplish more for his employer.

But the appetite for money "grows

with that it feeds upon." Not satisfied with making money so fast that they are forced to sit up nights devising schemes of philanthropy so as to keep their bank accounts within bounds, the trust-builders continue, like the Daughters of the Horse-leech to cry, "Give, give." As one of them remarked to a friend, "The dollar I have doesn't interest me; it is the dollar my neighbor has that I am after." This expresses the true spirit of all the men who become intoxicated with material success. No sooner do they control the business they aim to grasp, than they strive to make themselves independent of the world by controlling everything that is in any way connected with it. The Standard Oil Trust now attends to its own transportation through its own pipe lines and on its own railroads and steamboats. Beginning only with the idea of the refining of oil, it now owns oil lands, drills its own wells, pumps the crude oil, owns its own docks, railway terminals, and tank cars. In order to secure these more cheaply it owns iron mines, steel plants and factories where they can be produced without the profits that would be exacted by outsiders. It also manufactures its own barrels, cans, machinery, and as far as possible everything used in the production of oil or in any way connected with the handling or consumption of it, from the implements used to tap nature's reservoirs to the lamp wicks which turn their product into light for the "dear people." The business of this company has long since grown beyond the grasp of any one man or even of an executive committee; and it continues to increase and prosper, because it is so organized that hundreds of men of great executive ability have a common interest and consequently work in harmony.

The president of the Standard Oil Trust and other trust-builders have often been laughed at because their invariable reply to questions as to how their business is conducted is, "I do not know." This has caused the opinion to prevail that the life of a successful business man is "a sleep and a forgetting." But the joke is altogether on the laughers. The truth is, that they really do not know. Their business is so organized that they do not need to know. The wise trust-builder demands from his managers only "results." The Rothschilds and the great corporations of the old world make everyone obey, even though the order given may be palpably

wrong, but the trust magnate has a better plan. He makes a man responsible for his department and does not trouble himself about anything but results. The official is told to accomplish something and is expected to find a method himself; and it is this necessity that has led to most of the crimes that have blackened the records of the trusts. In order to attain their ends they have been charged with corrupting juries, debauching legislatures and aborting

justice whenever it suited their convenience. Many of them seem to believe that every man has his price, and thank heaven that in a republic it is only necessary to buy a majority. In order to accomplish the task set for him, an employer may find it necessary to use part of the appropriation placed at his disposal, to embark in some new venture of which his employers know nothing and about which they do not care to know, so long as the desired result is achieved. This is an excellent system when the trust-builder is in constant danger of being questioned by the courts and investigating committees.



Kurtz photo.

Charles R. Flint
Organizer and Financier.

It is said of the President of the Standard Oil Trust, and he has many imitators, that he never issues a positive order. He merely "suggests." The burden of making a suggestion operative is left to the official to whom it is made, and although suggestions are usually acted upon as promptly as the commands of the Sultan when he uses a regiment of Janissaries to carry his message, they are approved of only when they are successful. If by any chance a suggestion should prove a failure when applied, the unfortunate who acted upon it must bear the blame for not having had better judgment, and the result is invariable. The trust-builder like Tallyrand, "does not like to have unsuccessful men about him." On the other hand, if a suggestion is rejected and the result shows that the judgment of the official was good, the great man conveniently forgets that he was ever guilty of making such a suggestion. Success excuses everything, and in constantly striving for it the darkest tragedies of trust-building are brought about. Every year men go mad trying to keep pace with the terrific advances of the trust-builders, just as the generals of Napoleon succumbed in attempting to work out the world-grasping designs of the insatiable and tireless commander. The great trust-builders deserve to be credited with private asylums just as the Western desperadoes are credited with private graveyards.

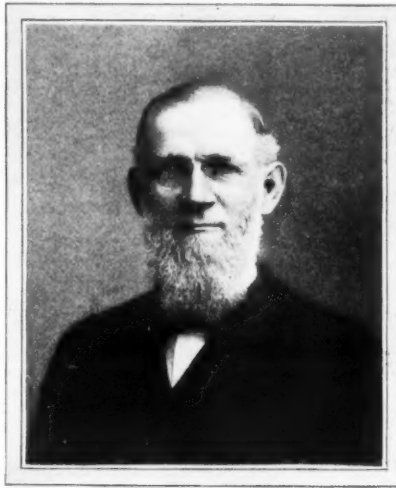
The beauty of the trust system of organization is that while exacting obedience, it leaves room for individual judgment, and in this way secures intelligent co-operation. And when the trust-builders find a man who is capable of serving them intelligently they are not niggardly in their rewards. Promotions come quick-

ly when deserved, and a man gets a chance to do all the work he has the capacity for as long as he can show successful results. It is this system that has enabled the Standard Oil Company to conquer commercially a territory vaster than that which was ground under the heel of Napoleon or of Caesar. Truly the Standard Oil is the father of the trusts, and though others have achieved much, they bear the same relation to it that the children of a great man do to their father: they may be successful, but they are overshadowed.

A peculiarity of the trust system is in its later developments that a practical knowledge of the business to be conducted is not necessary.

It is enough to know that if you have the power to fix the price and can eliminate competition you will succeed. This has given rise to another kind of trust that is wonderfully subtle. A promoter who has the reputation of being square or, in the words of a wit, of being "an honest partner for a swindle," secures through money placed at his disposal by those who have faith in him, a controlling interest in all the leading firms in some line. He does this

either by purchase or by inducing a majority of the stockholders of the various concerns to place their stock in trust. As soon as the trustees have secured the desired interests they proceed to elect directors, who are subservient to them, to the control of the various institutions. They then fix prices for the purchase of raw material, fix prices for the manufactured commodity and by limiting production, cause an artificial scarcity that insures profits even though their lack of practical knowledge may cause the business to be carried on without the skill that would enable them to live in an open market. But this kind of trust is open to trib-



Bell photo.

John R. Searles.

One of the Organizers of the Sugar Trust.

ulations, because some of the stockholders who are not in the trust may object to having the concern in which they are interested managed by irresponsible people. They can bring suits alleging conspiracy and offenses against public policy; but it is yearly becoming easier to placate such interests. It is becoming a business axiom that to succeed a man must either be in a trust or indispensable to one, and stockholders who have a grievance can be satisfied by being admitted into the combination.

In conclusion, only one other kind of trust will be touched upon—the "gentleman's agreement." This is the most satisfying to the lover of art. Because the public will persist in fighting trusts, it has been found advisable to do away with the bodies as well as the souls of corporations, and now, instead of forming combinations that are liable to be investigated, honorable men meet and agree verbally to do certain things that will be in the interests of all. In the case of railroads they can agree to maintain certain freight and passenger rates and to consider certain territories as being sacred to different lines. Since all the wise stockholder of the present does is to "clamor for dividends," he never thinks of asking how the road in which he is interested is managed so long as the dividends are declared regularly and in sufficient amounts. And no system is so sure to bring dividends as that of the trust which does away with competition and the cutting of rates. These "gentleman's agreements" are made possible by the fact that the business world has been educated up to the point of realizing the commercial value of trusts, and the management of them has been made a respectable thing in spite of the fact that they have at vari-

ous times been accused of every crime from murder to petty larceny and malicious persecution. Trust-builders have become respectable just as the bankers who are the direct successors of the money changers that Christ scourged out of the temple are now the pillars of the church. Their promises to one another can now be depended upon, for besides being honorable men, self interest and the success of trust-builders who have lived up to their agreements, have convinced them that there should always be honor among gentlemen.

The whole trouble with the trusts is in the kind of men who control them. Trusts are the highest type of commercial organization, and if they were conducted with some consideration for the public welfare they would be admirable. It is in their power to give commercial stability to transact business in such a way that there will be no waste, and by the gigantic extent of their operations produce at the lowest possible cost. But the men who build trusts are not in business for their health, and though few of them have the courage to say openly, "The pub-

lic be damned," they say it in almost every action. The very necessities of the positions they occupy demand that they be men of a strong and predatory type. In applying the principles that alone will bring success they must be inexorable. The machine they control controls them, and they must override opposition or be crushed themselves.

There is a mistaken idea in many quarters that trusts are controlled by boards, but it is almost invariably true that each giant corporation of this kind is really swayed by one man who may be influenced by others, but who is in reality absolute. These men are never accidents. An "ac-



J. B. Duke.

The Head of the Tobacco Trust.

cident" wouldn't survive two deals in any trust worth the name. He would be re-organized out of existence. The controlling spirit may not be the president, but if the corporation is a successful one he is somewhere about it and his heavy hand is felt constantly.

If there is any truth in the cries of Dr. Gall and Spurzheim, the typical trust-builder must have a head that during business hours has only three active bumps—those of Force, Greed and Cruelty. As a matter of fact, the men who have grown pre-eminent in business life since the trust system became popular are men who are lacking in almost every characteristic but those named. Often illiterate and vulgar, their force has carried them farther than any man however well equipped could go with the advantages of learning and culture. Their lust for wealth is not handicapped by any of the tastes that give other men more than one purpose in life, and their business training makes them move remorselessly toward their goal without a thought for those who must be crushed, that they may acquire the power they seek. One is forced to admire them for their efficiency, for the masterly way in which they accomplish their work; but they do not inspire affection.

At the present time the trusts have a practical monopoly of the best brains of the country, as well as of every thing else. "We are always willing to pay men who can think for us," they say, and they certainly pay well. They pay salaries to the men who are serviceable to them, that are greater than most men could hope to win from private enterprise, even under the most favorable circumstances. Men who are fitted to grace the Bench or shine in legislative halls are led by the trusts to devote their talents to helping the capitalists to accumulate more and ever more wealth. Even the church has given to the trusts some of its brightest lights, and still the cry is for more brains.

"I have five positions," said a trust magnate recently, "that I am willing to fill if I can only find the proper men. They are worth from \$5,000 a year up. It is all nonsense to say that there is no

chance for a young man nowadays. All I want is the right kind of young man."

But where is all this to end? America has reached a point where if you scratch a corporation you will find a trust. According to the best authorities there are over four hundred combinations of this kind now in existence, and all attempts to control them have thus far proved futile. They have served only to make business men more skillful in their organizations, but the impression that prevails in many quarters that the trust builders are usually law breakers is manifestly unfair.

"Is it not true," Mr. J. B. Duke was asked, "that you employ the best talent in the country to enable you to evade the laws that are passed to suppress trusts?"

"Certainly not," Mr. Duke replied. "I employ the best legal talent to advise me so that I may not inadvertently break the law."

But evils often work out their own cure, and it is not impossible that the trusts may yet take their proper place in the economy of modern life. Just as the robber barons of England secured the Magna Charta and laid the foundations of British liberty, the trusts may yet do something for the development of our new civilization. Already the strongest of them have extended their business interests as far as they can profitably, and their accumulating dividends are seeking re-investment. Naturally, with their experience, the trust-builders strive to invest their money in other trusts. In order to prevent this, the trusts that are threatened are obliged to reduce prices, and competition seems to be reviving on a scale never before known. Viewing the matter without prejudice one is forced to admit that the trusts are a logical result of natural conditions, even though a protective tariff may have made America a hotbed for them; and it may prove that they are but the phenomena of a transition period. The world always appears to be just passing through a crisis, and people naturally consider the one in which they are vitally interested the most crushing of all, when in reality it is different only in form and not in degree.



SAKUMA SUKENARI

THE STORY OF A JAPANESE OUTLAW BY ADACHI KINOSUKE

["Sakuma Sukenari" is not a translation, but was written in English by Adachi Kinosuke, a Japanese. His native idiom has been preserved.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

THE go-down No. 4, in the palace compound of Yamaguchi was filled with perhaps the oldest and the choicest treasures of the princely house of Matsudaira. Three officers of the palace were present at the opening of it, and when they found it as empty as cicada's shell, they changed the color of their faces; rushed into it—and filled the empty go-down with their bewilderment. There was no sign of a thief here, no hint of an ingress or egress that had evidently been made. All the treasures were gone; how? They did not know. Through what hole? That, they

could not find. By whom? Heaven only knew.

"Gompachi—Shiro—is that you?"

"What's that?" whispered the officers among themselves.

"Say who is there above, is that you, Shiro?" the voice repeated. Evidently it came from under the stone floor of the go-down. The officers did not answer. By and by, one of the flags which paved the floor lifted up gently; a man's head emerged.

"Sakuma Sukenari!"

A palace officer recognized the gray-haired man. Then, all of a sudden he





disappeared like the twinkle of a spark. All rushed to the stone and tried to raise it; it did not yield. A moment more, and that portion of the floor gave in. There was a fearful sound of falling bodies, and the still more fearful screams and groans of the doomed men. The floor closed up again over the wall. Then a sound as of the rushing of a mighty stream drowned the complaints of the lost.

The whole clan was aroused at the news. They dug open the entire space whereupon the go-down had stood. They found an immense deep well, and it was full of water. However, after the painstaking search of many days, they could not recover the remains of the palace officers and men.

All this happened in the early autumn, and, as I have said, in Yamaguchi of Choshyu Clan. And Choshyu is one of the southern provinces of Nihon.

II.

Sakuma Sukenari looked out from a cave not far from the foot of the mountain, and greeted the death of the day. He was there because he knew that many

hundred armed men were out hunting him on the coast of Choshyu, where the southern waves rippled.

All admired him, and most of them loved him. Everyone knew that he was a robber; and everyone knew that robbery was dishonorable—wrong.

"Well, I will tell them where I am, the imbeciles!"

Then shading his eyes, he looked afar. The evening rays were going away from the hillside, and the dust, like soft black rain, was falling upon the Kameyama Castle town.

"Yes, by to-morrow morning they would find out my whereabouts."

The lonely man smiled again and caressed his sword—this was the one friend that never disappointed him.

III.

A little past midnight.

A touch or two on the stone wall, and he was within the enclosure of perhaps the wealthiest house of the town. There was a fortune in that feat, and a cat might with profit have learned something from his agility. At last he reached the principal bedchamber. He ungrooved a *shoji*;





and under his magic touch it would not utter a single squeak of protest. He was within the room as gracefully as a sportive fairy.

At the head of the bed, a seed-oil, pith-wick lamp was almost falling asleep over the dreams of things and men.

Suddenly he stopped, and a smile, such as you see on a flower-enameled field of May, came and untied the last knot of care and made an amusing fun—a rather sad sort of fun it was, too—of that stoic indifference of his face.

A sight—so unexpected, so bright, so unearthly, so innocent, so god-like—met his scrutinizing eyes, and the tender humor of the situation quite overwhelmed him.

A baby smiled at him. It held out its bud-like fist, which by and by opened into a flower full of dimples. Sakuma stuck his naked sword into the mat. Stooping down with that gracious pose which was natural to him, and with the sweetest smiles, he acknowledged his defeat on his knees. He was completely, absolutely vanquished.

At that time, when he was putting those ruby petals of the baby hand between his lips, it never occurred to him that, not quite a year before this, in the town of Wakamatsu, he had treated some thirty armed men, single-handed, to handsome, and, according to those men who had been entertained, miraculous sword-feats. But it was a fact. A hundred men might have attacked him just as well, for it made no difference to Sakuma. And this man who could fairly dance on the sword-blades of his enemies—and what is more, enjoy the dance—he who had convinced the select men of ten clans by turns, that he was a cloud, an apparition, a visitation of an *oni*, a ghost, a *ma*; he whom no iron cables, no prison bars could hold; this genius of a robber was caught. The baby was holding him with its dimpled finger.

Forgetting all—forgetting for what he had broken into the house; forgetting that his visit was rather unexpected on the part of those two people, the master and the mistress of the house who were sleeping there before his eyes; forgetting that he came without any invitation; that the human eyes were not made to sleep on forever; that the night was not going to last as long as a year—he gathered up the child, (and a mother would

have loved him just for the manner where-with he had caught up that baby in his arms), and sitting cross-legged, he began to play with the baby. He made faces at it; for it he twisted his fingers into the shapes of a hundred different animals and flowers and men. Then the baby raising its fat arms, beat the air as if it wanted to tell him what it had been before it came into this world, and whence it came, and that it had not been away from its former home so long that it had forgot all about the mode of its pre-existence—which, in truth, seemed to be a happier one than that of the present. After winnowing the air vigorously, and seeing itself still in the lap of Sakuma, it opened its large wonder-pregnant eyes. "Why in the name of sanity don't I rise into the air?" they seemed to query, those eyes. Just then it was evident that the humor of the situation struck its merry understanding.

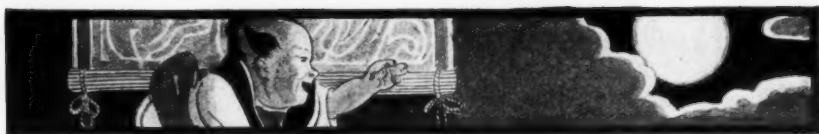
"Aaaa—aaaa—aaaa—loo—oo—ah—brrrrrrrr!" it shouted at the top note of its baby pipe. That jolly note from the baby throat, however, seemed to have aroused a fiend in the sharp eyes of Sakuma. They had been so child-like but a second ago! Now they were as forbidding as winter. He put his finger on the lips of the baby; shot his eyes at the sleepers. They were sound asleep yet. No danger—and his face melted again into an amiable sweetness.

But in a short while, it seemed that the baby was much pleased at the mouse which Sakuma formed out of his fingers and which he made crawl under the arms of the child. The baby appreciated the treatment noisily, and with a vehement enthusiasm. This time the shrill scream was so loud that Sakuma bit his lips, rose with a start; made a rush toward the sword he had stuck in the mat. Even that, however, did not disturb the wonderfully sinless sleepers. And when he saw himself safe again, the ridiculousness of his situation came upon him and shook every bone in him in a silent convulsion of laughter.

All of a sudden he stopped laughing. Sharply he turned his eyes on the sleeping woman. The mother was singing a lullaby—sweet, plaintive, dreamy. She was still sleeping; but somehow the cry of the child was heard by her, and she was singing, trying to soothe it to sleep with the melody.

Sakuma looked at the woman till he





could see no more because of the blind-
ing tears. He still held the baby in his
arms. Many things came into his head.
He, too, had a home once. Yes, his wife
was with him, then. He also had a girl
baby—twenty-two years ago! His wife
went ahead of him to meet her Buddha,
for as young as she was, her heart was
pure enough to see the holy lord. He lost
his baby daughter in a festival crowd.
And now his hair had turned gray, and
after taxing to the utmost the sagacity of
his brain, which the people delared to be
either that of a demon or simply a mira-
cle, in search of the lost child, and after
twenty-two years, he could not find as
much as a suspicion of a trace of her.

"Time was when I was the model of
devoted husbands, when I was loved by a

the ice-edged air was heard the first
matin of a cock.

They were very quick, his movements
—a little more adroit than the nervou-
ness of electric flashes. But the baby
could not understand why Sakuma should
leave it on the mat, since it had such a
jolly time on his lap.

"A—aaa—ahiiiiiii!" it cried to him.

"Sayonara!" he said, politely, to the
baby. "Good-night, Innocence!"

He waved his hand at it. But at the
parting he weakened. Well, he wanted a
little souvenir which would recall to him
—in after-days of worry and torment—
this night which came to him as unex-
pectedly as a patch of sunny sky in the
dead of night.

Oh, how he would have loved to carry

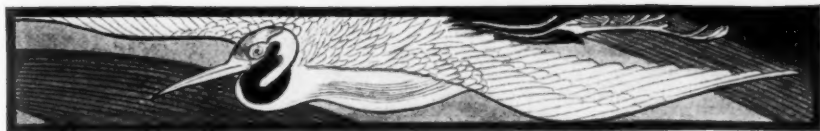


woman lily-pure and lovely as a smile,
when I was perfectly happy!"—so he
told the baby in a whisper. He confided
many more secrets to it. And the little
confessor took in, without the least alarm,
all the astounding revelations of the
greatest robber of the age.

Providence willed that this touching
scene should not go on forever, and on

that baby away with him! He faltered.
He knew that dawn would whiten on
him very soon and yet if he were to hesi-
tate a few moments more he would be
forced to spur his beloved steed to death
in order to save his life.

There stood a treasure chest on the top
of the bureau. He slipped it under his
arm. Bowing sweetly to the baby, as a



gentleman of court bidding a farewell to his lady-love, he took a few steps away, his eyes still reluctant upon the child.

The baby stretched forth its hands.

"Aboo—aboo—oo!" it said, and at once falling on all fours crawled toward Sakuma. It stopped; looked at him. Sakuma did not come toward it, and then clouds and storm fell upon the little dimpled face.

How could he leave it? Of course he went back to it.

"Dear one," he whispered, "sayonara!" He took it up in his arms once again. He pressed, in a long caress, its soft pink cheeks against his, weather-beaten and callous. It felt so tender to him.

the starving. The lonely life he led gave him the habit of soliloquizing:

"Poor wretches—they must be freezing to death, this icy day"

Then he took out a *mamoribukuro*, and a *mamoribukuro* is a small embroidered sack worn on the girdle of a child, wherein an *o-fuda*, a sacred card of a guardian deity, is kept along with the address of its parents.

Sakuma threw it out on the ground absent-mindedly. And then took it up again with a smile.

"The baby's!" he said, brightening. "I'll keep it as a memento!" But when his attention was struck with its old, worn-out condition, he looked at it again. Suddenly he leaped up with it; looked around as a squirrel with a nut, and then



Then the mother turned in her sleep with a faint groan.

Like an apparition he was gone!

IV.

There were a few gold and silver coins in the treasure chest. As was his wont, he would dole them to the freezing and

at once opened the sack—his fingers all in a tremor, and impatience burning his eyes.

Yes, he was sure of it—the recognition came like a flash—he had given this to his little daughter twenty-two years ago. Inside it was the sacred card of the guardian deity of his native town—but of course there was no address. Might he

yet be mistaken? He looked at it again. No, there is that family crest wrought with silk within a fold where none could see.

"What, what, what!"

This cynic, this misanthrope, this rider of the most perilous adventures, he who had always been stone-calm at the very fury-vortex of events, this man was in a flutter of excitement like a girl of fifteen at the death of her lover!

And all this for no other reason than that old *mamoribukuro*. He wanted to thank Heaven—and tears were cascading his cheeks—and at the same time he was, in his heart, cursing the gods for keeping his daughter away from him so long.

"That was she, then, that mother!"

He was as happy as if he had read his name on the golden roll in the blessed Lotus-land of the holy Buddhas. "And the baby my grandchild!" It was too much—it quite melted him.

So his daughter, lost on that festival of long ago, was stolen by some one. She was brought up by Heaven alone knows whom, and now she was the wife of a wealthy *chonin*!

V.

At last! at last! he had seen his lost daughter. And as he sat in a little, mountain-deep deserted shrine of Jido at the foot of Atago Mountain, he recalled the oath he had made to the gods. It was to the effect that as soon as he would find his lost child safe and happy he would offer his life on an altar. And now since the gods had led him—although it was after many, many weary years, to his life-desire and prayer, there seemed but one path for his feet to tread. Moreover, he was feeling the weight of snow that was on his head, a little too heavy, in spite of all his brilliant wit.

He robbed the rich enormously, and giving everything to the poor, lived himself the severe and simple life of an anchorite. The law of the land could not for a moment tolerate any such crime, and so it sent many an army of men after him. And, to tell the truth, those men afforded him many pleasant diversions.

Now that his days were numbered, he should be seated peacefully in front of the shrine, like a pious grandfather who had spent all his life in domestic beatitude about a hearth. Thus at the close of





his ripe age he should start out on a pious pilgrimage, that he might die on his way to a sacred temple of a holy Buddha. This, they say, is the most blessed of deaths, seeing that such pilgrims shall find the shortest cut to the Holy Land of the Absolute Bliss. His mind was made up. He would die in peace, and yet—

Wealthy, but she was now the wife of a *chonin*; she had been a daughter of a *samurai*. Ah, if he could but see her a *samurai*! This last wish of his was the greatest, and since he knew that he could never see it fulfilled in his lifetime, this was the most pathetic of his longings as well—nevertheless, it was not an absolute despair with him.

In fact, he knew by heart what the placards were publishing abroad at almost every entrance of every city, town, village, or shrine, and at every crossing of country roads.

His death—and perhaps that alone would bring about the sole and the greatest longing of his heart. What a happy death he was going to die after all! A smile came and made his face look kindly, as the ripples make the deep, solemn, awful ocean playful.

"Oh, daughter!" he stretched out his arms. The passion of fatherhood was sweeping him off his feet.

Oh, just to clasp her once in his arms—and to tell her what he was to her; what she was to him, just once—to be recognized by her—to claim that baby with whom he had played the night before, as his own, as his grandchild! He would have given three kingdoms; his life three times over for it. But, no! That could never be. And since it could not be— They say it is harder to conquer one's self than to take a walled city. Indeed, there is no comparison at all.

But, at any rate, he must see her—when she is awake and in the full light of day. Life or death—he must! How? His brain, as I have said, was very fertile.

With the shower of the earliest rays the next morning, there fell—straight out of Heaven, to all appearance—a mendicant before the gate of the wealthy *chonin*.

A servant girl responded to him with a handful of rice.

"As the reward of many meritorious acts of this household," said the pious voice, "the Buddhas are pleased to give the master of the family a token of their



approvance. Tell him, at the break of day to-morrow to hasten to a little shrine of Jido under the pine tree at the foot of Atago Mountain, beyond the village of Hozu."

He walked away a few steps, and then, as if he had forgot something, he turned round and came back to the gate.

"Is there a child in the family, that the humble mendicant could bless?"

"Oh, yes, august priest."

The maid brought out a baby in her arms.

"The humble one would rather bless it in its mother's arms," said the mendicant.

After a while, when a young mother came out, the deep shading *kasa*, a mushroom-shaped hat, tilted a little.

It was a long, lingering blessing in a voice that trembled with emotion. It was as reluctant as a lover's farewell. It was as moving as the last song of a bird that is dying.

The mother, very much touched and pleased with all, added a few more sacks of rice and coin to the contribution. But when the mendicant wiped, very hastily, with all the nervous awkwardness of an embarrassment, something off his cheeks, the mother wondered.

The mendicant again started to depart.

A few steps, and once more he was back and addressed the mother:

"To-morrow, early in the morning, before the sun, if your honorable husband were to go to a neglected little shrine of Jido at the foot of Atago Mountain, on the Hozu road——"

"Yes, august priest, the humble one knows the shrine," the mother told him.

"There—let him go there, and the Buddhas have prepared a reward of the meritorious for him, and his heart will be made glad of that token of approvance from the Lord Buddha."

The mother hearing the solemn voice of the holy man, wondered again at its meaning.

VI.

As the wealthy *chonin* turned into the shrine of Jido, at the gate of it, he read the ever-present placard.

"Whoever shall deliver into the hand of authority, Sakuma Sukenari, an outlaw, alive or dead, renders a service to State. In recognition of the merits thereof, for the maintenance of peace in the land, he will be raised to the rank of *samurai* with the annuity of 3,000 *koku*, and will be made a retainer of the lord of Kameyama Clan.





"The prince will be pleased to honor him with the gift of a sword."

To this was added a minute description of the robber, more famous than princes.

Under the sacred cedar tree, close to the entrance of the inner shrine, there was a man bowing over his naked sword. The *chonin* walked up to him; stopped short, and examined him from a distance.

"Dead!" he gasped and jumped away.

However, curiosity compelled his second glance over his shoulder. At the right-hand side of the dead man he saw a treasure chest.

"What!"

Yes, it was his—it had been stolen the night previous. How did it happen that it found its way to this out-of-world shrine of Jido? Naturally his spirit of investigation got the upper hand of him. As he reached down to lift the chest his eyes fell upon the characters traced on the sands of the shrine court in front of the dead man.

"I am Sakuma Sukenari, the noted robber. Examine my face!"

"So it was he who broke into my house last night!" he said, with satisfaction. Then he thought of the great reward offered by the lord of the clan for the head of the outlaw.

He thought—"It was by the punishment of the Buddhas that the robber at

last was caught!" Pious meditations filled his heart, and tears his eyes. He seized the head of the dead by its snow locks and lifted it up. It was he. There were those scars, one over the left eye and the other across the left cheek. His massive chin and his mouth, which was an emphatic line of firmness, bulldogishness, power—every particular given in the placard was there. But as the *chonin* lifted up the head of the robber there lay upon his lap a *mamoribukuro*, made of brocade and which was very familiar to him. It had belonged to his wife, and she had given it to the baby. So the outlaw was stupid enough to look for the treasure in a bag where the card of a guardian deity is kept! He laughed to himself and speculated on the doltishness of the world in general. What a joke! So they thought that this wretch was the sharpest of human wits!

VII.

At home, when he told his wife all the circumstances of the discovery, she became very tearfully pious and there was much praying in the household.

The stray orphan whom the wealthy merchant married for her beauty and personal charms, died a wife of a *samurai*; but she never found out who her parents were.





The Roman Forum, where the first crude inscriptions of the early Christians were discovered.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS FROM OLD ROME

Being the Story of the Common People told in Drawings

BY THEODORE DREISER

WHEN Rome was at her zenith, patriotic historians wrote down her wealth and power and fame in a manner which is cherished for the charm and the exactness with which the facts involved have been recorded. Of the common people and of common things of that day there is a lack of evidence. These historians wrote more in the spirit of the aristocrat and the æsthete, and so had a two-fold contempt for the crowd. Most references to the masses, found in the literature of that and subsequent periods, are made in the spirit in which Petronius thought of them: "Men with the odor of roast beans, which they carried in their bosoms, and who, besides, were eternally hoarse and sweating from playing *mora* on the street corners and peristyles." They made up simply the mob, and as the intelligence which centered at Rome got its idea of the common people from the unruly, sycophantic crowd which it saw daily idling in the forum, it felt that the people were worth little consideration.

This attitude on the part of the intelligent Romans, and our consequent ignorance, is the very spur to our interest in every scrap of evidence illustrative of the

life of the common people. We know only that they arose with each new sun, millions in number, and went about their affairs. They clothed themselves humbly, ate humbly, worshiped humbly, and passed into the unknown unheeded. Not a genuine, human touch of them remains save in scraps and bits—here a leaf of papyrus, there a rude scratching on a wall.

In recent years two Italians have thought considerably on this subject and yearned to know more of the one-time people who made up the population of the Roman Empire. The first was John Baptist de Rossi, a member of the executive staff of the Vatican, and the other, Professor Orazio Marucchi, director of the Egyptian and Ethiopian Museum at the Vatican, who is a pupil of the former. Both were engaged in historical research among the ruins of the capital, and so were in constant contemplation of the marks of the hands of these countless thousands so little accounted for in history. Naturally their senses were sharpened for the discovery of any trace. When here and there they discovered the rude scratching of an object, or a sentence made unquestionably when the Cæsars

ruled, and the Forum was still the centre of the world, they were not unlikely to set great store by it, and to consider it comparatively with all others which they had come across, indicative of the hands and hearts of the common men. They found these

scratchings to be numerous and unquestionably of ancient date. Therefore they took them as a class and made them a separate study, giving them a name and accounting the prosecution of their study a science, the science of *graffitology*.

The first occasion on which the public was made acquainted with the word *graffitology* was when Professor Marucchi discovered the rude scratching, which he took to be a first-century representation of the Crucifixion. It was an uncouth piece of workmanship, but to the professor it was of the utmost importance, and his theory about its origin interested the entire world. He had an Italian word ready to describe it, the word, *graffito*. Now *graffito*, with its plural *graffiti*, is a common term in the vocabulary of the archaeologist, especially since the excavations made at Pompeii. The word means a rough drawing. It is what we find penciled on our street walls to-day. We are more likely to call them defacements, and to post signs, threatening to prosecute anyone who dares to scratch or pencil a name, a sentence or a picture upon public monuments or buildings. Yet these are *graffiti*—



Figures of the Goddess of Plenty and the Goddess of Victory.

overestimate, and yet the statement is not without justification. Its chief defense has been made by another student of the subject, Howard M. Breen. He says:

"Suppose these rough scratchings are found on the tombs of the Pharaohs and are known to have been made centuries before our Saviour was born; or that they represent or allude to persons or events contemporaneous with Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, or Boadicea, then their evidence becomes of importance for the study of history. Suppose that rules are laid down and principles formulated, according to which these scratchings on

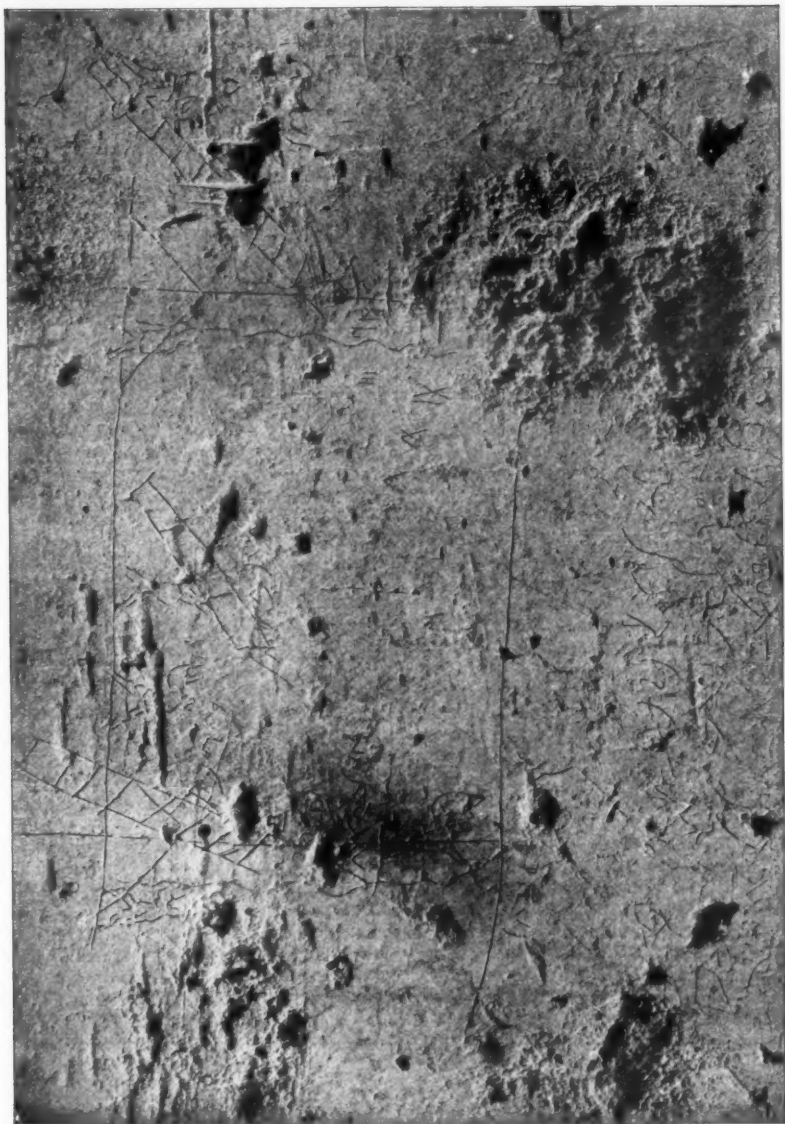
the walls may be methodically studied and passed into the service of history or of art or of philology, then the investigation of them assumes nothing less than the garb and character of a veritable science. That science may well be termed *graffitology*. *Graffiti* are old, *graffitology* is new. It is not the thing but the scientific use of it that is recent."

As a science *graffitology* rests on the work of the gentlemen named and upon that of Rev. Bonaventure F. Broderick, D.D., of the Roman



The Famous Blasphemous Graffito from the House of Geloziano.

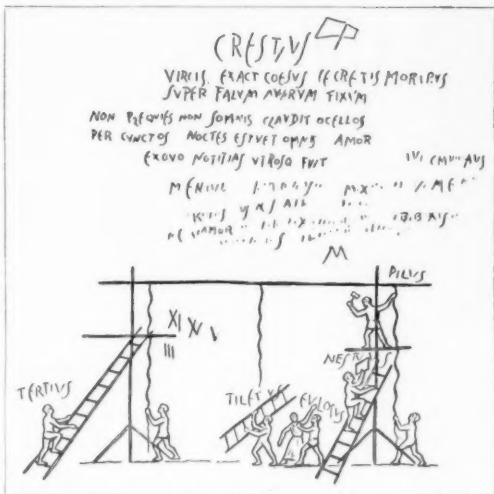
[This was drawn by a Pagan soldier, and represents a Christian brother-in-arms, worshipping God. The inscription reads: "Alexander ad-res God."]



This drawing of the Crucifixion was found on a wall in the soldiers' quarters in the house of Tiberius. This graffiti is believed to date from the first century. On the opposite page is presented a reproduction in line detail of the complete graffiti, only the lower part of which is shown in the above illustration.

Catholic Seminary of Hartford, who during a period of years spent in Italy conducted investigations of the subject. Thus far no work has been done outside of Italy, and all that has been discovered there forms but the mere beginnings of a science. It includes *graffiti* or sketches of lions and crosses, deities and emblems, monograms and sentences, and a number of gambling squares or tables scratched deeply in those secluded parts of houses and public places, where gaming went on among servants and soldiers. Some of these *graffiti* served most important ends, particularly those of the dove with branch, the palm branch, the fish, and the bark. They were used when Christianity was under the ban of the Caesars, and when it meant death either to declare yourself a believer in the Man of Galilee, or to make any expression of the doctrines of the new and abhorred faith.

The investigators who come at this late date, find other justification for the use of these *graffiti* by the common people of



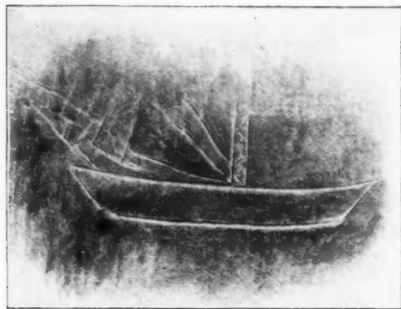
Detail of the Crucifixion griffito found in the house of
Tiberius. [See opposite page.]

that time, and what they have discovered gives excellent credit to the science. The practice of drawing *graffiti* was larger than it is to-day, because in a sense such drawing was justifiable and serviceable. In the halcyon days of the republic and later, general sentiment commended the display of wit. The law did not forbid defacements of this kind even on the most sumptuous and most recently constructed public buildings. Crowds lounged in places which to-day would be preserved from any such untoward intrusion. The forum with its forest of columns, its array of shops and temples with ample stairways, was the resort of crowds of idle people, assembled to stroll among the pillars to tell and hear the news, to see noted people borne past in litters, and finally to look in at the jewelry shops, the book shops, the arches where coin was exchanged and all those fine stalls with which the buildings covering that part of the market opposite the capitol were filled. Crowds passed under the arches of the *basilica* of Julius Cæsar, crowds sat daily on the steps of the temple of Castor and Pollux, or walked around the temple of Vesta. From above, down immense steps from the sides of the temple dedicated to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, came other waves. At the rostra people listened to chance orators.



Portico, House of Tiberius.

Shows style of old Roman dwellings, which lacked windows and all the necessities of a modern home.



"Fisherman's Bark," or "Bark of Peter," which signifies the Christian Faith; common to the Catacombs.

in other places they collected to hear the arguments of cheats who offered marvelous medicines, soothsayers who guessed for hidden treasures, and interpreters who explained the mysteries of dreams.

Here were the soldiers lounging in groups or advancing with measured tread among the unordered throngs, pushing all authoritatively aside and preserving order. Here, too, gathered all those people without any occupation, who appeared every week at the storehouses on the Tiber for grain, who fought for lottery tickets to the circus, who spent their nights in rickety houses in districts beyond the river, their sunny, warm days under covered porticos, and in foul eating-houses of the Suburra, on the Milvian bridge, or before the "insulæ" of the great, where from time to time remnants from the tables of slaves were thrown out to them. Last of all, portions of these always took advantage of that custom of the Roman nobles, who desired to shine as patrons of the public, to make



"Asclepias is dead: Mayst thou have eternal Life!"

themselves hangers-on. It must be remembered that in those days a patron's nobility was measured by the number of clients who mustered in the morning and saluted him at his first appearance on the balcony of his house. Thereafter they lounged for the remainder of the day in the temples and porticos of the forum. They whiled away the lagging hours which separated them from the hoped-for invitation to dine with their patron by scratching rude verses and coarse jests on the walls or pillars against which they leaned, or by tracing on the pavements gaming tables whereon to play dice.

Here, then, and in places partaking of a similar atmosphere, were scratched those *graffiti* which come under the first or pagan subdivision of the new science. Did the crowd open from time to time before the litter of some famous senator or some renowned beauty, an idler might



The Letters of the Christian Monogram, known to have been drawn by a Jew, because the letters are written separately and transposed.

trace the features of the occupant or write some ribald remarks for his own sarcastic beguilement. Did a few soldiers or loungers agree to gamble, they would trace on the stone pavement their square, marking on each side their gains or losses. Sometimes, as in the illustration of the gambling *graffiti*, the victor would heap sarcasm upon the departing loser by writing as was done in this one, "Vanquished; get thee gone; thou knowest not how to play; give thy place to one who does." In another place, some lounge-dangler dangling his legs comfortably over the side of a temple portico, no doubt would idly sketch things which he had seen. What these might have been is well illustrated by the *graffiti* found on the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. One such, as shown by the sketch, was a military bust, possibly intended to represent some

dignitary of the time known to the artist. Another was a rude drawing of a gladiator fighting with a lion, which the artist had probably seen at the amphitheatre. A third was a conception of Hercules and his club. Perhaps the two concentric circles were drawn to show some one a point in an argument concerning the Coliseum. Others from the same place afford food for speculation as to thoughts of the individual who scratched them there—for instance "the *graffito* of

Antoninus and Faustina were found all but obliterated, more than a score of objects, including a sketch of the Coliseum and a seated Byzantine figure of the Saviour with nimbus. On some stones belonging to the crumbled temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus a number of sketches of heads, possibly celebrities, and more inscriptions, epigrams and parts of ribald songs.

When the import of these drawings became apparent, the investigations were



The Forum at Pompeii, where the majority of the Pagan *graffiti* have been found.

Victory" and that of the individual with the horn of plenty.

Messrs. Rossi, Marucchi and Broderick, wandering among these Roman ruins of all that was once magnificent, encountered the first ancient scribblings. In the *Domus Geloiziana* on the Palatine Hill, Prof. Marucchi discovered so far back as 1857 the now famous *graffito* known by its accompanying phrase, "Alexander adores God." On the steps of the temple of Castor and Pollux the first *graffiti* scenes inspired by surrounding objects or passing events were noted. About the temple of

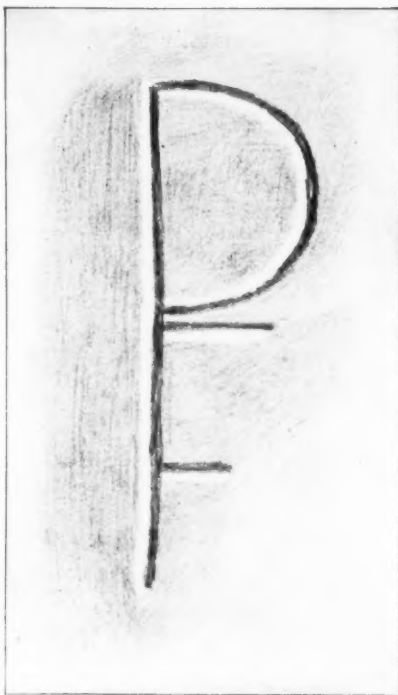
extended to other cities including Pompeii, Herculaneum and Baiae. Here similar pagan *graffiti* were discovered, and now and again something pertaining to the early Christians. The latter were eventually classified and studied separately, and so came to be made up that second division of *graffitology* known as *sacred*. In it were included not only all those crude sketches which were made during the first century of the Christian era, but everything with any religious reference made previous to the twelfth century. The majority of the *sacred graf-*

fili discovered, belongs to the period of the Cæsars and covers a chapter of persecution and sorrow all too insufficiently indicated heretofore by any positive evidence.

To appreciate rightly the historical value of the discoveries in this branch, it is important first to consider the state of the times in which they were made. In the first centuries of our era the Christian religion was periodically under the ban of persecution. The new theology was but ill-reported and scoffed at. Its followers were made the scapegoats of every political scheme and intrigue. Did a conspirator high at court wish to escape the penalty of the discovery of his crime it was most easy to implicate the despised Christians. Did a Nero fear the ire of the mob he could readily charge that the mysterious unfortunates burned Rome, and be believed. Their meetings were outlawed, their places of worship sought out and destroyed. Naturally they felt constrained



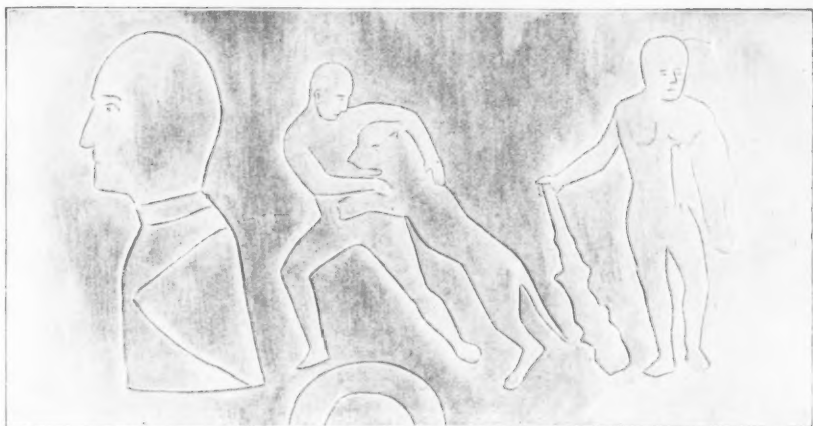
Drawing of a Bishop, found in the Catacombs of St. Agnes.



A Common Christian Monogram, "Palma Felicitas," meaning, "Victory Happily Won," copied from the pavement of the Julian Basilica.

to resort to the so-called rite of secrecy. In order to save their holy places from desecration by the pagan and yet to indicate them to the observation of the initiated they "used signs." What more natural than that these signs should be chosen out of the phraseology and simile of the Master. The bark, the branch of palm, the vine, the sprig of olive, loaves and fishes, a shepherd with his crook, or a lamb on his shoulder, the monogram of Christ and other rough drawings of objects, which in the Bible are taken for doctrinal symbols, were gradually employed to indicate their places of assembly, their altars and their tombs.

These symbols were only occasionally noticed at first. Unlike the pagan *graffiti*, they were found in secret and out of the way places, and it was long after the extent and import of the first division of the science had become clear that the second was formulated and was found to be of even greater interest. A proper classi-



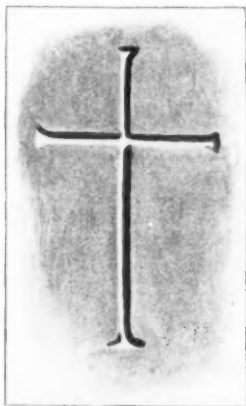
Figures of a General, (known by the fold of the toga), a Gladiator fighting with a lion, and Hercules, found scrawled upon the staircase of the Temple of Castor and Pollux.

fication of them was made, covering three main subdivisions. The first comprises prayers of pilgrims visiting sacred shrines and tombs. Thus "Eutycian Vivas," the full meaning being "Eutycias, mayest thou have eternal life." The second covers the names of pilgrims and records of their visits to the tombs of the Apostles, to the Catacombs and the like. The third includes the symbols spoken: the fish, the bark, the dove, and so on.

The Christian *graffiti* of all kinds thus far discovered, number hundreds. That excellent example "Eutycian Vivas" comes from a crypt in the Catacombs where the body of Eutycian was no doubt secretly laid. Another, a kind of hieroglyphic combination of P and F standing for "Palma Felicitas" was a common Christian *graffito* and signified "victory happily won." It was inscribed in places which, no doubt, witnessed scenes of martyrdom, though no direct evidence proved this. The best preserved *graffito* of this kind is to be seen in the pavement of the Julian Basilica, where it was discovered by Professor de Rossi. On a rock some distance outside of the former confines of Rome, in one of those bare hollows

which were used in the early days by the Christians as a meeting place, was discovered a fine example of the bark *graffito*, signifying the refuge of the Christian church. In another such space was found a crude scratching of a dove with a palm branch in its mouth, symbolizing the soul in heaven. Both of these possibly were scrawled by the leaders of some little Christian circle, to indicate to approaching worshippers the exact spot of some early meeting. In the stadium of the palace of the Cæsars the investigators found a *graffito* of two palm branches which was a common symbol signifying

victory through martyrdom. In various parts of the forum *graffiti* have been found, some scrawled there so late as the seventh century and some so early as the first. The best preserved of these are a *graffito* of St. Peter; another of a Lombard cross, drawn in the seventh century; a monogram, P X, the letters written separately and transposed, and another monogram of the same letters, joined, and the initials of Alpha and Omega transposed and encircled, both thought to be the work of a Hebrew convert. A sentence "M Asclepias Vivas" (Long Life to As-



Lombard Cross of the Seventh Century, found in the Roman Forum.

clepias) also found there, is thought to be a farewell to some departing brother of the faith.

What is chiefly to be observed of the drawings is their simple humanity. In them we find a natural and spontaneous expression of faith and purpose. All graffitology is appallingly human, and manifests, more plainly than anything else yet discovered, the state of reason and the methods of the common mind. Through them we see, however dimly, the ancients in their

places of idleness or of secret assembly—their habits and manners, and the naiveté of their opinions. This is very important to the historian who would gain a true knowledge of them. They are better than the inscriptions on monuments and tombs, because the latter are merely the show pieces of a nation and represent nothing but its intellectual pride in philosophy and distinguished phraseology. They show the people prim and garnished for posterity's inspection, while the spontaneous scribbings of the common mind are of all things unaffected and natural.

We must attach no more importance to the subject than is given to it by its sponsors, however. Dr. Broderick believes that when studied with method, graffitology becomes one of the most interesting of the large group of historical sciences. He is not willing to give any great credit to the work thus



Graffito of one of the early Bishops, who was regarded as a Saint. Drawn in the Third Century.

far, but submits that many of the principles which guide and have guided the investigators of the subject are deduced from a study of human nature, of man in his natural state. He claims that *graffiti* are found in all inhabited regions, and, if carefully noted and compared, may yet furnish us with many clues to what has constituted the natural progress of civilization from the earliest ages down to our own.

Professor Orazio Marucchi, who of all the investigators of the subject has

been most diligent, is equally conservative. He claims not even originality of discovery for his master, John Baptist de Rossi, whom he sincerely credits with nearly all that has been accomplished. Graffitology, he suggests, had followers in the past. Many Italian and German scholars having noted the *graffiti* discovered on the excavations of Pompeii. They made some effort to utilize their discoveries, but could do so only in a small measure. Drawings and writings there were, together with symbols and suggestions, common enough in pagan life, but they were of such a character as the more refined morality of the Gospel has made obsolete.

Concerning the *graffiti* and inscriptions which he himself has discovered he has said: "They resemble those found in the ruins of Pompeii. These rude scratchings on the coatings of the walls, of, for instance, the palace of the Cæsars, were, I

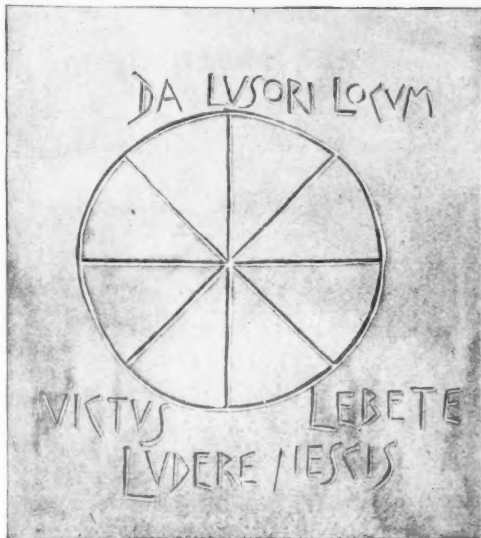


The House of Geloziano, where the famous blasphemous graffito was found.

believe, made chiefly by soldiers and slaves. They are the most difficult form of inscription to decipher, as their letters are formed quite differently from those which we find in the current hand of the papyri and parchments, and as in many cases earlier inscriptions are covered by later ones.

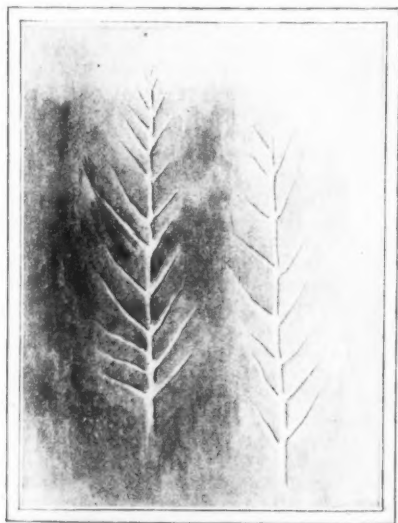
"Inscriptions of this class have been found in the Catacombs and have been made the special study by my illustrious master, the late John Baptist de Rossi. One particular inscription written on the wall opposite the crypt of the Popes in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, involved him in long years of patient investigation.

"The chief spots on the Palatine Hill where *graffiti* inscriptions are found, are the House of Tiberius, the neighborhood of the Stadium, and the so-called Pedagogium. This last was a military school for the youths destined to become members of the emperor's body-guard. Here in 1857 was made the discovery of the caricature of Christian worship.



A Gambling Table, common to many of the temples and porticoes about Rome.

The words mean: "Vanquished I get thee gone! Thou knowest not how to play. Give thy place to one who does!"



Palm Branches, found traced on many Christian tombs and doorways.

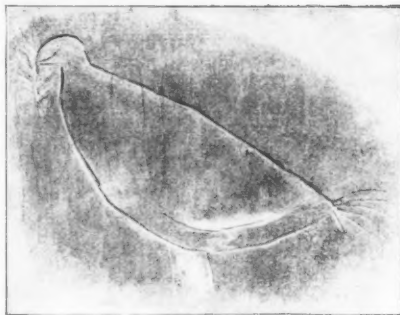
The Palm Branch has been found to bear a number of meanings: On a tomb it signified a martyr; scrawled on a doorway, it indicated the house of a Christian; and on rocks or at the entrance of Catacombs, it indicated a place of meeting.

It represented a figure in the traditional act of worship, before a man with an ass' head attached to a cross. These words formed a part of it—*Alexamānos sebete Theon*—'Alexander adores his god.' It was immediately recognized that this was a satire by a pagan soldier on a Christian comrade named Alexander.

"It is an established fact, though the precise motive is not clear, that the pagans were in the habit of calling the Christians, adorers of an ass' head. This *graffito* has all the internal evidence of dating from the beginning of the third century, probably from the days of Septimius Severus. It was detached from the wall where it was found, and is now in the museum of the Roman College. Near this spot several *graffiti* names are found, and I myself, examining the locality, came upon one inscription, with what appears to be a phrase of Christian origin. It seems to be a pious ejaculation to the effect that trust is to be placed in the protection of God. If this interpretation is correct the phrase might be regarded as a reply by Alexander or by another Christian soldier in his name, to the preceding insult. The matter, however, still requires study.

"Continuing my examination, I came some time since upon a little drawing, fifteen inches by eight. It was on the wall of a room in the soldiers' quarters in the House of Tiberius. The lines in it were almost completely obliterated. Nevertheless, by the aid of powerful glasses I thought I discerned a pictorial reproduction of some striking event. There seemed to be two crosses with ladders leaning against them. On one of these a soldier was mounting, carrying something like a tablet. Above the transverse bar of this same cross was another soldier with a hammer. Beneath was a figure dragging another toward the cross. Yet another figure was raising a ladder to the second cross, and on a third ladder a soldier was mounting. Two ropes hang from the cross beams which unite the crosses. Names are written near the figures. One is Pilatus, or Pileus (written *Pileus*). High above the drawing is a word resembling *Crestus*, and near it is a hammer, which, as is known, was the emblem of the Crucifixion.

"All the circumstances brought me to imagine for a moment, that I might be in the presence of a picture of the Crucifixion of our Saviour, and possibly even drawn by soldiers who had assisted at the event. Many others were of the same opinion, though there were competent authorities who read in it a different signification. They suggested, for instance, the launching of a ship, or the representation of an acrobatic performance. One thing is now clear, the large inscription over the drawing can be no part of the idea therein represented. It is the work of many



Dove with Palm Branch, signifying assurance of eternal life.

hands, written at various periods, and composed almost exclusively of libertine expressions."

Signor Marucchi continues: "I myself have recently had an opportunity of settling a rather important dispute by means of some *graffiti* which I discovered. On that part of the Palatine Hill which stretches over in the direction of the Baths of Caracalla, is an important series of ruins which Libby had declared were a stadium built by the Emperor Septimius Severus. Latterly some German archeologists had contested this and gave out points arguing the theory that it was not a stadium, and endeavoring to show that it was merely a commonplace portion of the Imperial gardens. Having recently had some time at my disposal, I made investigations among these ruins, and unearthed a number of important *graffiti*. Every single one of these had allusions to horse racing, chariot racing, discus-throwing and gladiatorial combats. These were exactly such as were discovered among the ruins of the Coliseum, the Flaminian amphitheatre and other places that had been dedicated to sports and combats. The commonest of all were *graffiti* of gladiators' helmets and the word "palma" which was frequently repeated by the pagans as an augury of victory during the games. With the aid of these documents, I once more laid forth the arguments in favor of the stadium theory and the German scientists, who had formerly attacked the theory, were now the first to admit the value and the convincing nature of the arguments."



The Palace of the Caesars, where several of the principal Pagan and Christian *graffiti* have been discovered.

THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO

By FORREST CRISSEY

THE real Carter Harrison is known to but one man—the present Mayor of Chicago. Inscrutability is the most conspicuous trait of this young leader of latter-day Democracy, whose secret ambitions unquestionably contemplate the possibility of a term in the White House. And, judged by the surprises of national politics, and the rapidity with which his star has risen, this ambition is not wholly unreasonable. Stranger things than this have happened.

In the days when the elder Harrison was directing the fortunes of the *Chicago Times*, Carter, Jr., was much about the office, and his father invariably spoke of him as "Cato," the pseudonym over which he had contributed verses to the newspapers. One day an intimate friend of the picturesque politician entered the chief editorial room of the *Times* and found the father and son together. The latter immediately arose, and, with his index finger shut between the leaves of a book, quietly retreated to one of the small, dingy "dens" which surrounded the central court of the editorial floor. A serious look came into the keen eyes of the elder Harrison, who was celebrated for his shrewd and ready judgment of human nature, as he followed the movements of the young man. With a dubious shake of the head, he turned to his friend and remarked:

"I can't make out that boy! There's no such thing as getting next to Cato. He's an enigma, and I'm afraid he hasn't the stuff in him that William Preston has. As my eldest son, I naturally expected considerable from Cato; but it's plain I've got to look to the younger boy to do things worth while—and he'll do 'em, too!"

Within the past two years many crafty politicians have attempted to master the art of "getting next to Cato," but they have succeeded no better than did the baffled father. From the flotsam of city-hall gossip may be caught a score of

amusing anecdotes, illustrating the masterful reserve and the impregnable unapproachableness of the young Mayor. Among the local Democratic slate-makers who thought to juggle with the name of Harrison, and by this talisman elevate to the mayoralty a young man totally lacking in political or administrative experience, and who would be plastic material in their hands, were nine men of recognized party prominence. Each thought himself influentially "next" the boyish Mayor, and not only expected a cabinet position at his hands, but also counted upon being "the power behind the throne."

After the election of their candidate, and during the preliminary slate-making for the choice appointive offices, a small clique of these politicians compared notes and reached an undivided verdict to the effect that the new Mayor was decidedly a "cold proposition." It was then determined that a thawing process must be resorted to, and a hunting expedition to the Wisconsin woods, with the Mayor as the guest of honor, was planned and carried out. The movers of this scheme knew young Harrison's fondness for hunting, fishing, and the hardy pleasures of the woods, and counted with confidence on the relaxing influence of sportsmanlike comradeship and the subtle power of a camp-fire to thaw his icy armor of reserve. The Mayor entered into the sport with the most appreciative enthusiasm, displayed his hereditary talents as a storyteller, and met every expectation save the essential one which had inspired the trip. Not all the comradeship and the good cheer of a hunter's camp with an unlimited commissary store was able to warm him into the disclosure of a single political secret. Some of the hunters who participated in that expedition found themselves appointed to membership in his political family; but not one of them was able to boast that he had "got next" in the confidential sense in which this term is used by the average politician.

Another party wheel-horse, who aspired to the possession of the Mayor's ear, assembled a little company of men who were believed to be congenial to "His Honor," and the greater portion of the night was spent at a feast which cost the host a snug sum. No guest at the board surpassed the Mayor in geniality, and the politician who paid the bill went away rejoicing in the belief that he had broken down the barriers and forced his way into confidential relationship with Carter Harrison. The next morning he presented himself at the Mayor's office and found that he was compelled to wait his turn for admittance into the "inner sanctum" for an interview with his guest of the previous evening. This, however, did not dampen his confidence that he had "gained ground" by his lavish hospitalities. When ushered into the big room in which Mr. Harrison does his work, he advanced toward the Mayor with the easy smile of a man expecting a familiar greeting from a friend who had shared his hospitality the night before. But there was no suspicion of intimacy, no reference to the convivial occasion of the preceding evening—only a simple "Good-morning, colonel," from the city's chief executive, as the latter looked up for a moment from the ordinance which he was reading.

These incidents—and they are typical ones—might easily lead to an inadequate and unjust estimate of the character of the man. They signify simply this: Carter Harrison is the keeper of his "own key and counsel" to a degree seldom, if ever, known in the personality of any other successful politician. If he has ever directly asked the advice of any person that fact is not known, and it would not be believed by those who come in daily contact with him. His self-reliance is absolute, and the extent to which others may influence his decisions is never betrayed by look or word to those who offer him advice. If their arguments make any impression on his judgment, his impassive countenance gives no hint of the inner change. The focal center of his personal interests has never been revealed to his most intimate friend or trusted political lieutenant. His individual view-point is a secret unshared with any human being, and must so remain to the end of his career, for this secretiveness is dispositional and inherent in the fiber of the man. The decisions involving his politi-

cal future are formulated in the secrecy of his own independent judgment; and the greater the problems, the more rigidly does he adhere to this policy of self-counsel.

The first display of this dominant characteristic was made before his initial nomination, and to a man who had been a member of the elder Harrison's cabinet—the person to whom the latter had confided his misgivings of the inscrutable "Cato." When the name of young Harrison was first mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for Mayor, this life-long friend of the family sent for the possible candidate and asked if he might speak his mind in the name of the friendship he had borne the old-time leader of the Chicago Democracy. The young man readily assented, and gave a respectful hearing to the blunt but kindly advice delivered by his father's faithful counselor. This veteran pointed out to his listener the latter's complete lack of political experience, his extreme youth, the certainty that he would be used by crafty and accomplished politicians for their own selfish purposes, and the moral probability that, if elected, his first term in the Mayor's chair would be sufficient to blast his future, and possibly to bring disgrace to his father's reputation as a brilliant political leader. Then the privileged adviser urged upon his young friend that, if he must enter public life, he should use the prominence which had been given him, by grace of his father's name, to throw the nomination for Mayor to another candidate who would assure him the position of Commissioner of Public Works and thus enable him to gain a little practical experience as a basis upon which to build for future preferment. Otherwise he could hope for nothing better than wreck and disaster at the outset.

This advice was received with graceful impassiveness, and the young man left the office of his father's devoted friend without the slightest betrayal of his inclinations or intentions in the matter. His nomination immediately followed. The venerable and astonished adviser entered heartily into the campaign; the battle at the polls was won, and he waited to be called upon for the private counsel which his years, his experience, and his close relationship with the Harrison family entitled him to give. Such a request



Sincerely Yours
Carter H. Harrison

never came. In its place, however, he received an appointment to membership in the Civil Service Commission. His acceptance brought from the lips of the Mayor this remark:

"I'm glad you'll take this position, because I'm going to enforce the law, and I know you'll stand by me and see that this is done."

Three months later the Commissioner went to his young chief and asked to have his resignation accepted.

"For the first time in my life," he urged, "I have been compelled to provide myself with a bodyguard. My life has been threatened, and my existence has been made miserable."

Turning quickly in his swivel-chair, young Harrison looked squarely in the eye the man who had prophesied for him failure and disgrace as a "boy Mayor" and asked:

"Are you going to flunk?"

That settled it. The old veteran went from the interview as full of fight as "Cato" had gone from their first conference. If Carter Harrison does not become President of the United States, his former Civil Service Commissioner will be disappointed.

Before the "bosses" and "ward heelers" recovered from the shock of the discovery that they had taken unto themselves not a pliant tool, but a Mayor who had a mind of his own, which was beyond their scrutiny, they were treated to a view of another side of his character—a side that seemed paradoxical because of his self-sufficiency and radical independence. This revelation was of his intense, practical, every-day democracy. It came to the surface in a hundred ways; but one development fairly took away the breath of the politicians. He had been in office little more than a month when he called "Big Steve" Rohan, his special officer, to his desk and said:

"Steve, I'm going to hold open court in the outer office every day at eleven o'clock. Everybody who wishes to see me is to have a fair and open field, and the dago woman, with a child in her arms, is to have just as good a chance at me as the alderman who carries a ward in his pocket. If the woman, the small shop-keeper, or the street-bum gets in ahead of the alderman, the latter must wait his turn. This is to be a democratic institution, and one's as good as another. You are to

line 'em up in proper order and simply see that there's absolutely a square and even deal all 'round. I'll take my place at the railing and do the rest."

The aldermen and the men with pulls could not comprehend this simple example of democracy. Their position and prestige as intercessors were threatened. In their own words, they "put up a roar;" but this expenditure of breath was wasted, and from that day to this the Mayor's Open Court has been one of the most popular and significant features of his administration. It is an expression of his conception of democracy; direct contact with the people, an equal chance for all, and no special privileges for any. No Chicago Mayor before him has ever attempted so radical a departure from the private interview system by which the man with a pull acted as mediator and thus maintained his importance in the eyes of his constituents. The elder Harrison thought himself an embodiment of democracy, an apostle of "the common people," because they received him gladly when he stepped upon a campaign platform to entertain them with picturesque oratory. But he would have shuddered at the mention of standing for two hours a day in his outer office listening to the complaints and petitions of persons of every class and social station without the cumbersome machinery of aldermanic or "boss" mediation. The common people have faith in the democracy of Carter Harrison, because he receives them gladly and gives the humblest of their number as much of his ear and his private confidence as the most officious alderman is able to boast.

These developments at the outset of the administration partially prepared the public to expect the unexpected of the young Mayor. The bosses who had been in the habit of referring to the Mayor as "the kid" exchanged this phrase for that of "Mr. Harrison," and held their breath for the next "astonisher." They were not kept long in suspense. In the phraseology of the Hinky Dink, the First Ward Statesman, he "kept 'em guessing—plenty;" but the real backbone of the administration did not show itself until one of the "gang" attempted to "railroad" through the council an ordinance, which permitted a street railway holding a charter for an underground trolley line through the centre of the city, to change to the over-

head system. The measure was cleverly cloaked to the intent that it should attract no more attention than a perfunctory order for a street lamp. But its full significance was instantly detected by the Mayor. It struck the first spark from the flint of his unsuspected courage in the resistance to corporate encroachment on the people's rights, which was to become the keynote of his public service. Beckoning his private secretary to his desk, he handed the latter a scrap of paper on which was penciled a list of aldermen.

"Send word to every man who holds a job through the pull of these fellows, and have them all in my office in the morning."

The list was quickly prepared, and the summons passed "along the lines" with the speed which a peremptory "tip" from the city-hall always travels. Next morning the outer office was crowded with a motley array of place-holders of all descriptions, from the booted ditch-digger, with a duddie in his mouth, to the sleek "heeler" who regards honest work as a disgrace. There was no ceremony, no red tape, no aldermanic intercession. All were marched into the presence of the young Mayor. As he calmly eyed them, they restively scanned the array of portraits on the wall—the gallery of Chicago's former Mayors—and looked as disconsolate as a flock of sheep in a sleet storm. Turning about in his chair, Mr. Harrison delivered this terse speech:

"You are on the city pay-roll. If the aldermen who put you there vote for the general electric ordinance giving that corporation the right to use an overhead instead of underground trolley you will not remain on the pay-roll a day after the council meeting. In other words, I shall hold every man of you personally responsible for the vote of his alderman so far as that measure is concerned."

This was an argument which the place-holders could grasp. The aldermen of their wards were overwhelmed with delegations and the obnoxious measure was buried. But this was, perhaps, the least important effect of the Mayor's shifty play. It served notice on the "gang" that Carter Harrison was a thoroughbred politician, and that he would not hesitate to fight the devil with fire. It also awakened the corruptionists to the conviction that he was playing for "big game," and would probably "come high." They

could not grasp the thought that he was utterly beyond the reach of influence of any kind. He must certainly be amenable to pressure of some sort, for he was human, a politician, and a Mayor! To their blinded logic his declarations of reform principles, of municipal compensation, and the like, were "bluffs" and "grand-stand plays." As the big battle for an extension of the street railway franchises for a period of fifty years approached, Mr. Yerkes telephoned the Mayor asking for an interview. He received the assurance that Mayor Harrison would be pleased to discuss street railway affairs with him. An hour later the celebrated surface-road magnate walked into the outer office. He had been there many times before, in previous administrations—always to find the doors of the inner office opening before him the moment his presence was known. But on this occasion the man controlling millions of dollars and thousands of employees, was treated to his first Harrisonian surprise. The door to the Mayor's room did not fly open at the announcement of his name. Instead, he was politely requested to "take a seat and wait." When his turn came, and not before, he was ushered inside. Things had changed since he was there before. Alongside the Mayor's desk was that of his private secretary, and this attaché was at his post of duty.

The polished and powerful millionaire for a time ignored the presence of the intruder and entered at once into a general discussion of the street railway and franchise problem, keeping the conversation along broad lines and general principles. Still the secretary did not leave the room, and the Mayor appeared hopelessly indifferent to this lack of delicacy. At length the exasperated caller was driven to the expedient of putting the question:

"May I see you alone for a moment?"

The brevity of Carter Harrison's reply was big with significance. With the same cold, quiet ease with which he would have answered negatively the most trivial inquiry, he said:

"No," and the interview was ended.

Later a diplomatic note asking that the Mayor call a mass meeting to give the people a chance to express themselves on the fifty-year franchise question was sent to the Mayor by the street railway "king." It was torn open by the Mayor, and in the presence of the messenger who

had delivered it, was handed to Secretary Lahiff with the request:

"Read that, Ed."

The emphasis of this action was too marked to escape the attention of the intelligent bearer of the note, too important not to be communicated to the surface-road magnate. It was a plain declaration that nothing could pass between the millionaire and the Mayor to which there was not a third party. In substance, Mr. Harrison's reply was that it was not the Mayor's business to call such a mass meeting; that the people were able to attend to that function, and that neither statute nor precedent delegated such a duty to the city's chief executive.

The next missive, from the man who had never before found a Mayor too great to do him honor, contained an incidental allusion to the fact that he had observed a decided change in the atmosphere of the Mayor's office from previous administrations. In the coldly courteous answer to this message was the simple observation:

"I am pleased to note that the changed atmosphere in this office has not escaped your attention."

These were the neat skirmish tactics leading up to the pitched battle which held the whole future of the young leader in its issue. He had not made a single mistake, he had whipped into line every alderman that could be reached by the

most radical exercise of the powers in his control—and still a careful count of aldermanic noses the night of the crucial ballot brought him face to face with the fact that the "gang" had votes to spare by which to pass the fifty-year franchise over his veto. No one knew better than he

that if the ordinance was presented and passed, even in the face of his veto, his enemies would labor to make the public believe that his opposition had been a hollow and crafty "reform bluff." And no amount of explanation would be able to destroy the effect of that argument. For days the city had been fired to a white heat of excitement never known since the time of the Haymarket riot. A "committee of safety" had held secret meetings, and every alderman and city official was shadowed and counter-shadowed by detectives in the employ of the opposing factions.

As he walked into the crowded council chamber that night, the young Mayor was the coolest, the most self-possessed man in the assemblage.

"They will not bring up the franchise ordinance until they have enough votes to pass it over my head. They need forty-six, and I figure they have fifty-three. If it comes up to-night it's all day with us," was Mr. Harrison's calm observation to a political lieutenant just before the gavel fell. He looked into faces white and set



Morrison photo.

The Mayor of Chicago Awheel.

with determination, cupidity and fear; but his own bearing was even more *debonair* than usual. The excitement intensified as the meeting proceeded. Just as the decisive moment came, the strains of a band were heard from the corridor outside. The young Mayor looked at the face of "Johnny" Powers, the daring leader of the "gang." It will never be whiter in death than it was as the doors were swung open for a moment and the clash of the brass instruments echoed through the council chamber. Was it the "Marseillaise" they were playing? Had the indignation of the people at last found revolutionary expression, and was his hour of reckoning at hand?

Instantly the "gang" leader was on his feet moving an adjournment. Not a token of his fear escaped the eye of the nonchalant chairman of the excited chamber. The latter saw his dramatic advantage and played it to the limit. In tones that none could mistake he made the quick reply:

"Johnny, I think you're safer inside."

Action on the franchise "went over," and with it the support of certain wavering aldermen who were reached by the stern methods of which Carter Harrison in that struggle proved himself past master.

That council meeting made the young Mayor a popular hero, and the final defeat of the franchise, at a later session, clinched the achievement. The legislative repeal of the famous Allen Law, which had made possible the fifty-year franchise ordinance, demonstrated that his influence extended outside his own party, and was limited only by the boundaries of his State.

The studious observers of Mayor Harrison as he participated in the Democratic convention which this year renominated him its leader, divided their admiration along various lines, according to their several view-points. To the one who recalled the school-boy delivery of his first speech of acceptance, the oratorical development of the man, was most astonishing. This time he "swung into line" with the ready ease and power that was characteristic of the elder Harrison. But the young man dealt sledge-hammer blows, devoid of the flights and flourishes in which the Kentucky-born father excelled. The observer whose political experience enabled him to feel the undertow of the scene, to

read between the lines of the party platform, and to grasp the significance of the "organization," saw more than this. His vision took in a young man not forty years of age, who stood as the absolute dictator of his party in the second city of America. He saw this cultured, polished youth of two years' political experience force upon a convention of hereditary spoilsmen the doctrine of civil-service reform, while not one of the two thousand place-hunters dared offer a protest. And they knew they would be held to the spirit and the letter of such a party declaration if returned to power. He also read a greater record of courage, of political wisdom, and of individual domination in the rejection of certain party declarations than in the acceptance of those appearing in the platform. To ignore the free-silver issue, and to fail in re-affirmation of Jefferson principles in a Democratic proclamation made for the "masses" of a western city in the year of 1899, is alone enough to confer celebrity on the man who dictated the suppression of these "time-honored" shiboleths. And yet Mr. Harrison is indisputably a Democrat of Democrats!

As I asked the young Mayor for an appointment at which he would define his convictions regarding municipal government, he laughingly answered:

"I can't see you at home, for I'm never there save at meals, since the campaign began. My little boy and girl have almost forgotten me, and Mrs. Harrison is beginning to feel that I'm a stranger. But I can tell you what I think about municipal affairs right now and here." Then he turned for a moment's consultation with a political lieutenant, who was dismissed with the quick order: "Tell him he'll have to step aside for the benefit of the party, and that I'll take care of him later."

"I claim," he resumed in a direct, business-like manner, "that we can't have a government of the people save through the instrumentality of the Democratic party, because it's the party of the people and established by the people, as opposed to the organization that grew out of the old Federal party, which recognized privileged classes and persons. For these reasons a Democratic city government should be run for the interest of the whole people. I try never to do anything that a clear majority of the people do not want

—whether it's the granting of a street-car franchise, or the licensing of a saloon. The main thing with this administration has been and will be to make every corporation receiving a special privilege from the city pay full and fair compensation for what it gets. And the same rule applies to individuals as well. Some persons denounce as a 'penuckle policy' the rule of taking municipal compensation for small privileges that do not and should not yield the city more than fifteen dollars a year. If a vender's stand, a bay window, or a private switch-track occupies ground that belongs to the city it should give a just compensation for that privilege. When, under the wretched system of assessment and taxation now in vogue, the average man pays too much tax, and the city's revenues are falling behind its necessary expenditures, the only way to make up this deficiency is by an income from all special privileges granted by the municipality, whether to a street railway corporation or to the owner of a fruit stand. There are thousands of private and corporate switch-tracks in Chicago to-day that should be paying a revenue into the public treasury.

"Twenty-five years ago the man or Mayor who would have advocated demanding from a corporation a compensation of five per cent. of its gross income would have been denounced as a visionary socialist. Now, such a demand is only fairly in line with the tendency of the times. There is really little difference between fair rental for privileges of this kind and actual municipal ownership. These ideas will grow more rapidly in the next two years than they have in many years past.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I believe in municipal operation as well as ownership, but these must not be brought

about too hastily. First must be laid the foundation of a solid civil service system. And by that I mean a civil service that is reasonable and practical both in its examinations and its operations. If a man is to do some kind of manual work he should be examined upon his ability to do the work—not on his ability to tell about it on paper—or about something else that doesn't pertain to it in the least."

No summary of Carter Harrison's character, that does not take into account his social qualities, is adequate. His aristocratic birth and breeding; his education at the gymnasium of Altenburg, in Saxe-Altenburg, and at Yale Law School; his extensive foreign travel and familiarity from boyhood with high social and official life, give him an equipment which means much for his future advancement. It is difficult to think of a position in which he would not be able to maintain easy, self-assured dignity. Mrs. Harrison is generally regarded as an excellent type of the Southern beauty. Her father is Robert N. Ogden, Judge of the Louisiana Court of Appeals, and her early life was spent in the best society of New Orleans. In the case of Carter Harrison the conventional praise of being a home-loving man—so frequently misbestowed in eulogies of public characters—so well deserved, for this is among his conspicuous traits. Another is his fondness for all out-of-door sports. He has made twelve century runs on his wheel, nearly half of his "bars" being earned in the year before his political life began. Amateur photography has also afforded him no little entertainment. Now, however, his amusement is politics, and his business the governing of America's second city in a manner in which it has never before been governed.



VII. THE UNDOING OF DINNEY CROCKETT.

DINNEY was born lucky. No one knew this better than Dinney himself, who was, in a way, a sort of second Dr. Pangloss.

And, look at it from whatever standpoint you will, Dinney had many reasons to be happy. In the first place, he was as free as the wind, and answerable to no one but his own elastic conscience.

As for his worldly wants, he had plenty to eat, for he could live sumptuously on eight cents a day. Four cents were really enough, on a pinch, but Dinney found that he most always got a stomach-ache after a few days of four-cent diet.

In the second place, Dinney was never without a place to sleep. In fact, he had dozens of them. If it chanced to be winter, he slumbered on the comfortable iron door over the hot air shaft of the *World* building, where the heat blew out through the iron grating in a most delicious way. There, no matter how cold it was, he was as contented and as much at home as the most luxuriously cotted child on Fifth avenue. And what was more, he was not afraid of the dark, and the night had no terrors for him. Dinney, like all self-respecting members of the profession, had an honest and outspoken contempt for fixed quarters of any sort, and openly scoffed at the Newsboys' Home. Another point to be remembered was that with sleeping apartments at the *World* building, Dinney was always on hand for the morning papers, which, as very few in the great city ever guessed, came up long before the sun itself.

In the summer, Dinney had the habit

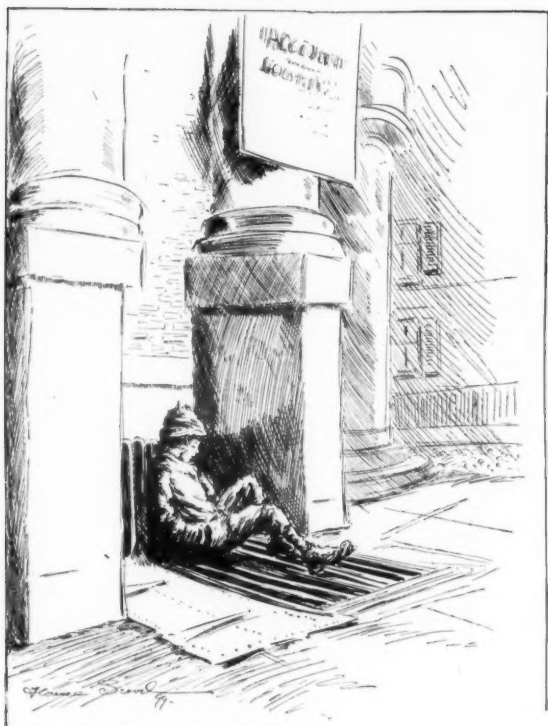
of going about and nosing out sleeping-places at his own sweet will. Often, it is true, he had to fight for them, but that fact merely made him enjoy them all the more.

So, since Dinney could sell as many as seventy papers of an afternoon, he envied no one, shot his craps, tossed his pennies, and enjoyed his quiet smoke with the rest of "de gang," and had no particular kick to register against the "things that were."

But continuous sleeping in the open, the perpetual smoking of cigarettes and the vilest of cigar stubs, and the immoderate consumption of over-ripe fruit, stale sandwiches, and well-larded doughnuts, while perhaps pleasant enough in their way, do not tend either to promote growth or to produce remarkable roundness of feature. And for this reason all men misunderstood Dinney.

Yet probably that was why he was so very thin. His cheeks were sunken, his eyes were hollow, and there was a general air of wistful hungriness about his woeful little face. Dinney knew this well enough; in fact, he inwardly rejoiced over it, being wise enough to realize why he could sell seventy papers while his more prosperous-looking rivals scarcely got rid of their paltry two dozen.

Indeed, it was nothing else than this intangible soul-hunger shadowing Dinney's face that one day caused a certain sad-eyed woman in a carriage to stop at the curb where Dinney was selling his papers, and blushing thrust a quarter into his black and dirty hand.



"He slumbered on the comfortable iron door over the hot air shaft.

Dinney's heart turned on its electrics at that. Such things meant something to him, for he was always too proud to beg, though not to steal. His big eyes lighted up in a truly marvelous way, and he, carried for a moment off his guard, grinned his genuine gratefulness.

That made the sad-eyed woman in the carriage turn to her husband and say: "Did you notice, George? He has really a bee-yew-tiful face!"

They had been watching him for weeks.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered the man, with feigned disinterestedness, "if he'd only wash it now and then."

"Do you know, George, as I pass him I often think he—he looks like poor little Albert."

The man called George had thought so, too, but did not say so. Instead, he looked up at the roofs of the buildings, for Albert had been their only child, had died but a year before, and neither of them

could quite forget it, as sometimes happens in this world.

Dinney did not forget that carriage, and it must be confessed that he made it a point to assume a most ridiculous and priggish expression of dejected meekness whenever it passed. He knew it would not make the sad-eyed woman any happier to feel that he had shot craps with every cent of her quarter!

But as time went on these little gifts grew more and more frequent, and, if kept up, would have been the ruin of the best newsboy in the ward. The outcome of it all was that the sad-eyed woman came one day and drove off with Dinney in her carriage.

"George, do you know, I believe that child has consumption," she explained to her husband, who was really not a bit astonished at her act, "and I've brought him home, and I'm going to nurse him up for a while!"

George kissed her and called her a silly little woman, and said he supposed he'd have to let her have her own way. It was very lonely in that big house.

In fact, it was George himself who led Dinney up to the bathroom, showed him how to turn on the hot water, and significantly advised him not to be afraid of wasting the soap. In some unaccountable way George found it very pleasant to talk to a child again, and answer questions, and explain what everything was for. When he went downstairs he mildly and tentatively suggested that Dinney be taken out to their country house with them. He also determined, in his own mind, to see about buying Dinney a box of tools.

As for Dinney himself, that strange bathroom, with all its pipes and taps and shower controller and enamel tub, was a wonder and delight. For the fact must be confessed, it was Dinney's first premeditated bath.

He overflowed the bath tub, spotted the woodwork with soap suds, unscrewed one of the taps for investigative purposes, and had a most delightful time of it.

When a big, clean-shaven, stately-looking man in a bottle green suit with brass buttons stepped in, Dinney's heart jumped into his mouth, as he thought for a moment, that it was a policeman. It was only the butler with a new suit of clothes for him. Dinney eyed them with some curiosity, for it was his first acquisition of such a character. He ordered the butler to put them down on the towel rack, and did it in a tone of authority which the butler greatly resented. Dinney's heart sank, however, when the man with the brass buttons, "at master's orders," carried away his ragged but beloved old suit, to be incinerated down in the furnace room. Before carrying out those orders, the butler viewed Dinney's tattered raiment with unconcealed disgust. He approached the bundle suspiciously, and carried it at arm's length, significantly holding his nose as he departed.

Dinney was quick to see the intended insult. A cake of wet soap hit the man with the brass buttons, hit him squarely on the back of the neck. The soap was followed by a volley of blasphemy that was, as the butler afterwards told the chambermaid,

"fairly heart-rendering and too awful for respectable people to talk on!"

When Dinney was led downstairs he was a very changed boy—that is, of course, changed in appearance. His sandy little crop of hair was on end, his face was shiney with much rubbing, and for the first time in history his person was odorous of toilet soap. What troubled him most was that his new pants were very prickly.

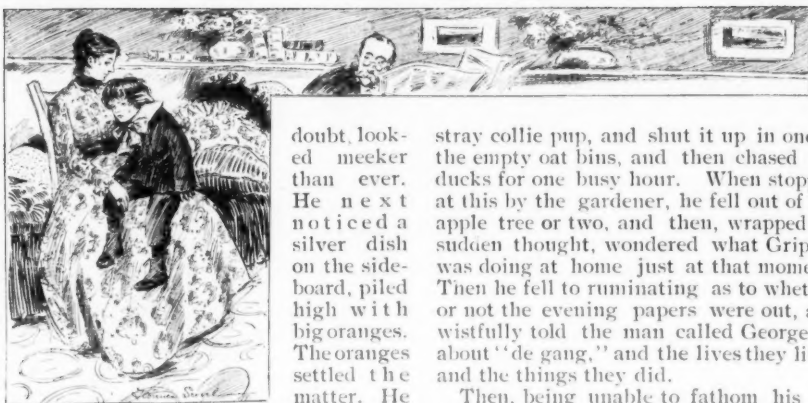
They were patiently waiting for him, and the sad-eyed woman took him on her knee and wept over him for a while. Dinney neither enjoyed nor understood that, but with him it was a law to look meek when in doubt. Yet he felt an indefinite unrest and restraint that was even more painful than the prickly torture of his new pants.

The sad-eyed woman took it for illness (Dinney was as tough as a pine knot!) and wept over him once more and asked how he would like to be her boy, her very own little boy for all the rest of his life?

That was a question Dinney had not thought over. But at that moment he heard the rattle of the dinner dishes and caught a whiff of the consommé being brought in, so he, being *very* much in



"He carried them at arm's length."



"The sad-eyed woman took him on her knee."

But he wriggled away, because he did not like being hugged. Such things were strange to him, he had never been taught to look for them, and his heart had never hungered for them. But he kept his eye on the dish of oranges. During all this George coughed once or twice, and said Dinney had the making of a fine boy in him, a very fine boy indeed!

So Dinney, who had beheld nothing but brick and stone all his life, was carried away into the country. Never before had he seen hot corn, the same as the Italian's sold on the street corners, growing on long stalks. Nor had he ever before seen apples hanging on trees, or acres and acres of green grass, or flowers, millions and millions of flowers, all growing wild on the ground, like a lot of cobble stones. It filled him with a silent wonder.

The little, sad-eyed woman and George talked over Dinney's future, and planned out his life for him, and nudged each other and nodded their heads significantly at each little sign from the child as he gazed out wide-eyed on a new world.

But at the end of the first day on the farm a change crept over Dinney. He did not romp laughing-eyed across the fields, nor did he gather handfuls of flowers, as they had expected, or sit listening to the birds singing in the trees.

He hung disconsolately about the stables, with his hands in his pockets, asking the coachman endless questions about the polishing of harness and the breeding of horses. He caught and made captive a

doubt, looked meeker than ever. He next noticed a silver dish on the side-board, piled high with big oranges. The oranges settled the matter. He was hers—hers for all time.

stray collie pup, and shut it up in one of the empty oat bins, and then chased the ducks for one busy hour. When stopped at this by the gardener, he fell out of an apple tree or two, and then, wrapped in sudden thought, wondered what Gripsey was doing at home just at that moment. Then he fell to ruminating as to whether or not the evening papers were out, and wistfully told the man called George all about "de gang," and the lives they lived and the things they did.

Then, being unable to fathom his indefinite and unknown unhappiness, he wailed aloud that he was hungry. The sad-eyed woman fed him until she feared he would burst, and said the air was doing him a world of good. Dinney had been used to eating whenever the spirit moved him, and it seemed to him a ridiculous custom to sit down and devour things at stated times, whether you were hungry or not.

But after his meal his melancholy returned to him. What with the prickliness of his new clothes and his secret desire to indulge in a quiet smoke, he suffered untold agonies.

In his loneliness and misery he disappeared stableward, and was not seen again until dinner-time.

The poor little sad-eyed woman was worried to distraction about him. When he shambled back to the house she called him over to her and took him up on her knee, and petted him as few mothers pet even their own son. But it was all lost on Dinney. He squirmed and was unhappy.

"What is it, dear? Are you not well?" she asked, with a real and beautiful tenderness. Dinney was silent.

"Are you not happy here, dear?" the little woman asked once more, putting all the pent-up love of her childless life in one mother's kiss on the boy's flushed forehead.

It was too much! Dinney broke loose and sprang away like a young tiger.

"Gordammit! lee' me alone!" he screamed; "lee 'me alone!" His face was contorted with a sort of blind fury. "I'm sick of all dis muggin', an' dis place, an—an everyt'ing else, and I want

to go home, see! I want to go home—I want to go home!"

He wailed it out, over and over again, and the tears streamed down his face.

"But—but, Dinney, aren't you happy here?"

"No, I ain't," almost shrieked the child in a passion of homesickness, "an' I'm tired o' dis bloody place, an' I want to go home—I want to go home!"

To his lifelong shame, Dinney broke down and bawled like any baby in arms.

The childless mother covered her eyes with her handkerchief and wept silently. The man called George walked nervously

up and down the room, and then looked absently out over the fields of ripening wheat, golden in the sunlight of the late afternoon.

There was silence for several minutes, and then the man said, and it seemed almost resignedly:

"Very well, Dinney, if you really want to, I'll take you back to the city with me in the morning."

Could it have been a sob that choked his voice? Dinney neither knew nor cared. He wiped his eyes and seemed to smell once more the smell of the crowded city street, and to hear the music of a thousand hurrying wheels.

VIII. THE ESSENTIALS OF ARISTOCRACY.

HE knew they were to be enemies. Just why, he could never have said, but he felt it in his bones when their eyes first met. Each of the two boys seemed to recognize the silent and mysterious challenge of combative childhood.

The new boy's face was shiny from soap and hot water, and under his arm he carried his new slate and a crisp yellow-covered First Book. The doctor had told his Aunt Martha that the children ought to be kept out of the way for the next few weeks. His Aunt Martha had cruelly suggested school for him.

It was with a sinking heart that he felt himself led relentlessly up the urchin-lined walk of the new ward school.

"Hello, kid, whatcher name?" asked a lean-legged boy with a cigarette stub in his mouth.

"Johnnie Armstrong, please," replied the new boy, almost tearfully.

But that one pair of challenging eyes--- they followed him right up the walk and into the school-house. There were scores of other audacious enemies that gazed critically at the patches on his knees and the hole in the toe of his boot, but in all that army of foes he knew to the marrow in his childish bones that this one particular boy was to be his one particular enemy.

Through all the long, stifling, terrible first hour of school life he furtively watched the figure of his fated opponent.

During recess the new boy hung about the hallway, homesick and miserable. He wondered what his Aunt Martha and

the baby were doing. He knew what his mother was doing---she was in bed all the time, of course, and coughing away just the same as if he was there.

At the end of recess when the bell rang, and the screaming, surging crowd of children made the usual mad rush for their rooms, the new boy and the enemy came face to face in the hall. The new boy was bunted vigorously against the wall as his rival went past. The new boy expected it. A scream of delight broke from the groups of hurrying boys and girls as they crowded past, or stopped a moment to watch him get up and brush the dust from his carefully-patched clothes.

For one weak moment, at noon, the new boy was tempted to slip out by the girl's door, and so escape. That would mean putting off the fight for a day at least.

One of the girls, as she hurried out, saw he was a new boy and made a face at him. The malevolence of that grimace turned him precipitately back. With quaking knees, and a pitiful mockery of a whistle, he walked out of the boys' door. The fight had to be that day!

It was all as he expected. *He*, of course, was waiting for him. With a choking sickliness at his throat he made steadily for the gate. Before he was half way there a jagged piece of cinder struck him on the cheek with a stinging pain. He put up his hand and felt his face. It was bleeding. A surge of something like drunkenness swept through his frame. He didn't mind the bleeding. *Now* he didn't



"Hello, kid, whatcher name?"

care. He was glad it really was bleeding. That meant that they had to fight it out then and there. He didn't mind fighting, nor did he mind getting whipped. But he felt that he would rather be pounded to pieces than endure any longer this uncertainty of position. One or the other must be boss, and boss for all time.

It hardly seemed his own hand that clutched wildly for a fragment of brick on the ground and flung it with all his force at the other boy. It went wide, for it was thrown in blind passion.

But it brought the enemy, bristling and aggressive, toward him.

"Did youse t'row that at me, kid?" demanded the boy who had thrown the coal cinder. He could not have been a year older than the other.

"Course I did!" said the new boy, almost crying, but not daring to show it. His voice sounded strange to him. He was a coward to the backbone; and no one knew that better than he himself. But his face was bleeding, and he didn't care now! And he was afraid the boys would find out that he really was a coward.

They fought. A dozen small boys saw the well-known preliminaries, and ran joyfully toward the two, screaming as they came, "A fight! a fight!" A man in an express wagon pulled up to look down on the struggle, and two or three girls watched open-mouthed from the sidewalk.

When the teacher came out of the

school gate, five minutes later, she saw a group of small boys scurry suspiciously away. One boy limped—for kicking had been allowed—and the other left little drops of blood here and there on the sidewalk as he ran. It had not been to a finish, but the skinny, narrow-chested new boy had surprised them all. As for the new boy himself, he was supremely thankful that he was even alive.

His misery came back to him with a deadening rush when he remembered that he must show himself at home. He crawled, snail-like, in at the back door and listened. The doctor was there, and he was glad of it. He was also glad when his Aunt Martha told him that he must not go in and see his mother. He could hear her coughing feebly, and the baby crying for something to eat. As his aunt went into his mother's room with a hot-water bottle, she called back for him to take some fried potatoes and hash off the stove and eat his dinner. He did as he was told, and hurried away before his aunt came out again. His face was still blood-stained and scratched.

Sick at heart, he slouched back to school. In the yard one of the boys said: "You licked 'm, Johnnie."

"Naw, he didn't, neither," said another. "Jim had 'im bleedin'."

"Aw gwan! that wasn't in the fight! That 'uz when he chucked the cinder at 'im. You had 'im dead skart in the fight, didn't you, Johnnie?"

"Course I did," said Johnnie Armstrong, stoutly, though he knew he was lying.

"Course," said another boy. "There's Jim, now, skart to come over!"

Deliciously it dawned on him. It was a revelation to the new boy. Jim was skulking up the side of the school-yard, with all the old, insolent air of aggression gone from his limping gait. Then he had licked him after all! The little narrow chest of the new boy swelled with pride.

But this was by no means the end of the battle. From that day the struggle for supremacy merely took on another form. The defeated boy realized that a physical encounter was entirely out of the question. So the warfare for relative rank, since there was no other way to fight it out, became a battle of tongues.

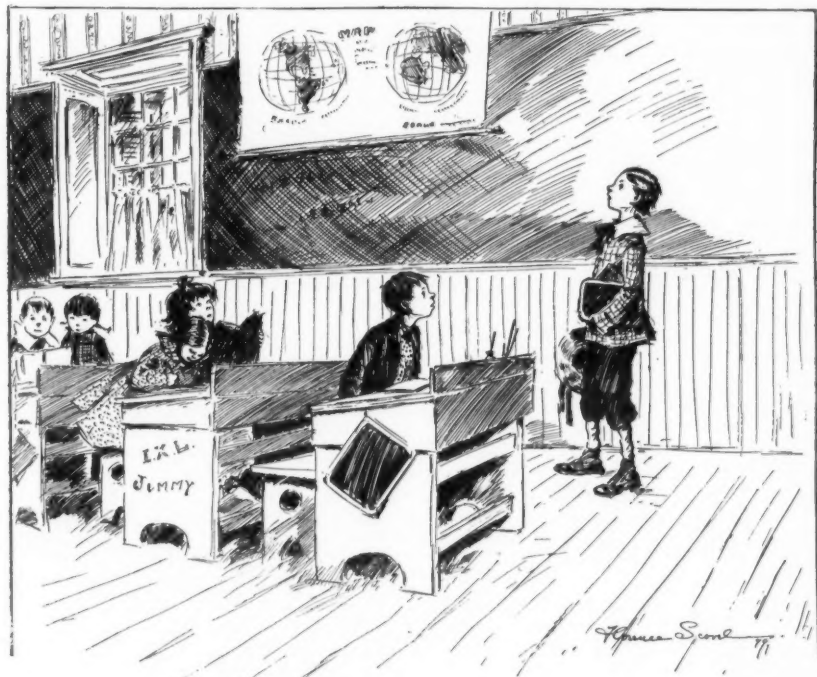
Jimmie Carson told the girls of the school that Johnnie Armstrong wore his Aunt Martha's stockings. Johnnie writhed

in spirit, for he knew this was sadly true. But he gave his enemy the lie, and openly declared that Jimmie Carson's father had been put in jail for stealing a horse. This, too, was equally true. But Jimmie retorted by saying he wouldn't wear patches on his pants. Johnnie once more regained his superiority by pointing out that he didn't have to wear his sister's old shoes.

So day by day the struggle went on. Johnnie Armstrong seemed to be getting the worst of it, until he remembered something that was as a Blücher for his Waterloo.

With a great air he said to his enemy: "The doctor comes to our house every day." The circle of listening urchins heard the remark with a certain awe. With them that meant either a baby or a funeral.

"Oh, that's nothin'," said the enemy. "My ma had three doctors when Tommie swallowed the penny." A chorus of wonder went up from the listening circle.



"Say, Johnnie, what's wrong?"

Johnnie snorted. "H'gh! A penny's nothin'! My mother's got consumption!"

"I don't care if she has. Mine gets chills and fever jus' terrible!"

Johnnie felt that dangerous surge sweep over him.

"Yes, but my mother coughs all day long, and has night sweats, and her medicine costs about—about—well, about three dollars a bottle."

"H'gh! What's that! When my ma gets one of her spells it's just awful. She shakes so hard someone has to hold her in bed!"

Again Johnnie snorted his contempt.

"The doctor told my Aunt Martha my mother was going to cough herself to pieces, and that she might die any single day."

That rather staggered Jimmie Carson. A voice back in the crowd said, "Hurrah for Johnnie!" and the new boy's chest swelled with the old pride.

"And she can't ever get better," went on the exultant Johnnie. "And I'll ride in a cab, see, same as I did at grandpa's funeral!"

The enemy recovered himself. "Oh, ridin' in a cab ain't nothin'. I *watched* my grandpa die! And Uncle Jake was killed, too. He was a fireman, and they brought him home on a board, after a wall fell right over on top of him, and he was all bleedin' terrible, and smashed up!"

A well-merited cheer from the circle greeted this sally. The school bell rang before Johnnie Armstrong had a chance to meet the crushing charge. The children scampered away and Johnnie's head fell. All afternoon the sense of his defeat hung over him and made him miserable.



"She was holding a handkerchief up to her eyes."

Late in the day there came a knock at the door, and the teacher was called out.

As the teacher stepped in again Johnnie noticed his Aunt Martha in the hall. She was holding a handkerchief up to her eyes.

The teacher called Johnnie up to her desk. There she started to tell him something, stopped, slipped her arms around him, and burst out crying, to the wonder of the entire, open-eyed school. Johnnie turned crimson with shame. To be seen with a woman petting one was a terrible and awful thing to him. Jimmie Carson giggled audibly.

The teacher wiped away her tears, kissed the child sorrowfully, and falteringly whispered something in his ear.

She expected an outburst, but there was none, not even a sob.

As the child walked down to his desk for his little book and slate, there was a strange, exultant gleam on his face. All the eyes of the school were upon him, but he saw only those of the enemy.

The sense of his defeat still hung over him. As he passed the other boy he looked down at him, as from a height.

"Say, Johnnie, what's wrong?" whispered his foe, curiosity overruling pride.

There was a ring of mingled sorrow and triumph in the voice of Johnnie as he said:

"My mother's dead, see!"

"Gosh!" said Jimmie, overcome. Johnnie knew he had won at last. Every eye in the school-room was on him as he went out.

In the hall his Aunt Martha was waiting to take him home, with her handkerchief still over her eyes.



Miss Mary R. Dobson.

Daughter of Austin Dobson, Esq., and Principal of the Bombay Missionary Settlement.

MISSIONARY SETTLEMENTS FOR UNIVERSITY WOMEN

By MARY R. DOBSON

THE idea of missionary settlements in foreign lands first originated from the settlements started by university men in England for the social and spiritual improvement of the submerged masses. Although men students were the first to engage in this work, before long, women students, too, formed settlements for work among the poor of London, and it was this that first gave rise to the idea of women's university settlements in non-Christian countries, the first being the "Missionary Settlement for University Women" in Bombay.

A question will naturally arise as to what scope there is for university women in lands where women's education is as yet in its infancy. It is therefore neces-

sary to explain the true nature and aim of the settlement. In almost every land on the globe women's education is spreading. In India, where a short while ago it was considered almost a sin for a woman to learn anything besides her domestic duties, a new generation full of new aims and hopes is arising. Women have even gone through college courses, and taken various degrees. Considering that in England a comparatively short time ago, the advanced education of women was regarded by many with distrust and suspicion, and yet, in spite of all, the movement grew and prospered, it is only natural to suppose that the same will take place in India, and that though at present the number of women students is but



A Group of Parsis.



House on Kamballa Hill, occupied by the Missionary Settlement.

small, without doubt in the next few years it will be greatly multiplied. The position of a woman in India has, until quite lately, been totally different to that of an English woman. She has been considered by her race as almost incapable of learning, and even had she wanted to, would not have been allowed to train her mind. But of late years the men of India have realized that the progress of a nation which does not educate its women will always be retarded until it improves in this respect, and a reform has begun, inasmuch that some of India's women not only ask a primary education but aspire to a college course. And here a difficulty arises for them at once. In a land where Zenasa seclusion is enforced so much, the majority of aspirants to higher education feel a natural shrinking at the thought of attending the college lectures where they will be in daily contact with the opposite sex, and even if they had no personal feeling in the matter, their orthodox relatives certainly have a most decided feeling about it. Then again there are girls who do not wish for a college course, but who wish to carry on some of their studies after leaving school, and also young married ladies who could find time for some classes, from the duties of married life, if they knew where to get them. It was in consideration of all this that the Bombay Settlement came into existence. The idea originated with members of the "Student Volunteer Missionary Union," the worldwide bond between students who have made it their one aim to spread Christianity in every land. Here, they thought,

was a distinct need, and a need which they by their education could supply; why not supply it, and at the same time accomplish the object, dearest to them, namely that of making Christ's truth known to all nations. For the sad fact remains that though England has done much for India in the way of furthering education, the leading government educational agencies have been silent as regards Christianity, and have not attempted to refute the arguments against it which every student must come across in the course of study, with the result that the students of India have ceased to believe in their own forms of worship through enlightenment, but do not turn to Christianity, considering it a form of religion in which no thinking man believes, and this feeling is not only prevalent among them, but among all the more educated classes. A Parsi writer has said that "a single true Christian life lived in the midst of the Indian peoples, would have greater influence, would incline them much more favorably toward the faith than any amount of preaching or controversy," and by entering into the educational life of the upper class natives, sympathizing with them and at the same time pointing them to Christ as the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the Settlement hopes to accomplish this. And so in answer to the appeals of those first student volunteers, the colleges of Great Britain and other helpers responded by raising funds, and Bombay was fixed upon as the first centre of action. Owing to the prevalence of the plague in

this city no organized work was actually started until November, 1897. The Settlement staff had arrived some time before, and finding most of the upper-class people absent from Bombay on account of the plague, they had separated to different parts for language study. The staff first consisted of four, Miss Boyland, B. A., Dublin; Miss Dobson, B. Mus., London; Miss de Selincourt, Girton, Col., Cambridge; Miss Saunders, Somerville Hall, Oxford. Miss de Selincourt has since gone north to the Punjab, where she hopes another settlement will ultimately be started and Miss Cooke, of Newn-

ham, has taken her place in Bombay. The Settlement commenced opera-

their unfailing energy. They landed first in India in Kathiawar, moving on to Gujarat after a few years, in 717 A. D., they have steadily risen by means of their industry, and Bombay's leading merchants now are Parsis. Their religious belief is founded upon the teaching of Zoroaster; it consists of moral precepts, and is pure and good as far as it goes. According to their religion they do not worship the sun as is commonly supposed, but look toward it when praying as the greatest gift of the great God whom alone they worship. "Do good as far as is possible," they say, and here it is clearly seen where their religion comes short, for a system whose standard is not perfect cannot really do much for its adherents. The Parsis are most loyal to England, and nearly all the younger generation speak English well. Though most of the upper class native ladies are "jurdah," the Parsi women



Miss Boyland,
B. A., Dublin.



Miss Cook,
B. A., Cambridge.



Miss Saunders,
B. A., Oxford.

Teachers at the Bombay University Settlement.

tions by sending out prospectuses, stating terms, etc., to leading people in Bombay. In this prospectus it was clearly explained that, as the Settlement believed that the true foundation of all education lay in Christianity, every pupil would receive Christian instruction.

The people among whom the desire for education has most spread at present in India are the Parsis. This remarkable people can only be paralleled by the Jews. From the time they were driven out of their native land Persia, choosing expatriation rather than recantation of their ancient faith, they have shown in every land in which they have settled

are allowed perfect freedom, and may constantly be seen walking about Bombay in their delicate colored *saris*. Among this advanced race the Settlement has naturally found its first openings, and eleven Parsi pupils are at present attending its classes. Much time has been spent in visiting, and by that means getting into personal relationship with the Parsis. It is "the day of small things" for the movement, but "patience is willing to wait," and faith looks on to the end, in hope, knowing that

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small."

TOPICS IN THEATRE

CHARLES FROHMAN, the shrewdest and, financially, the most successful American manager, will soon have offered to the public his first Shakesperian production. Mr. Frohman has been gaining money and reputation ever since the far-away days of "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise." The leagues are countless from Belasco and De Mille to Shakespeare. Mr. Frohman's latest advance therefore may be taken to indicate a wonderful progress in dramatic art, or such audacity of investment as is the privilege of unlimited capital. But if the manager is out for a bold venture he has not neglected the prudence of surrounding himself with excellent associates. Mr. Charles Frohman presents "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare; *Juliet* by Maude Adams, *Romeo* by William Faversham, *Mercutio* by James K. Hackett. As *Babbie* in "The Little Minister," the success of Maude Adams quite overshadowed any proper recognition of the main character or the author of the piece. Can

the transcendency of Maude Adams dim the lustre of *Juliet*, and will the admirers of the actress forget the author of the play that their adulation of the player be undivided? It is to this sum that the question of Maude Adams' success as *Juliet* resolves itself. By training or experience or natural qualifications this charming interpreter of tender modern heroines is not known to be equipped for an embodiment of *Juliet*. Maude Adams may, nevertheless, surprise us utterly.

She is a persistent, hard worker, and hard work has been called the equivalent of genius. As for the *Romeo* of William Faversham, this polished actor has played so long and so well the cynical, worn-out, age-end type of man, that it must require a perfect revolution for him to adjust himself to the hopeful, buoyant, ardent passion of the son of *Montagu*. If Mr. Hackett has not completely forgotten his training in Shakespeare at the hands of Augustin Daly, this whilom *Rupert of Hentzau* should prove an enjoyable *Mercutio*.



Chickering photo.

Virginia Harned.
As Lady Ursula.

In the meantime all seats for the *début* of Maude Adams in *Juliet* have been sold a month in advance, which must be a satisfaction to the management, and is a guarantee of the interest awakened in the enterprise.

New York has witnessed another production of Shakespeare's plays in this spring of 1899, which consisted of the repertory of the company headed by Odette Tyler, R. D. MacLean and Charles B. Hanford. The early triumphs of Odette Tyler were scored under the same management as led Maude Adams to stellar glories. But Miss Tyler preferred marriage and retirement from the stage just at the season when the fruits of her long labor should have been forthcoming. Miss Tyler married R. D. MacLean, a wealthy man and an actor, who had made himself known in the support of the late Marie Prescott. Both Mr. MacLean and his wife have been considered as done with the stage. They have money and the capacity to enjoy it. Most actors, however passionately enamored of their art, could be persuaded to relinquish it, having relinquished it, they might have guarantee of an easy and comfortable living. Sometimes one feels that it would be a relief if a goodly number of them could so be persuaded.

The retirement of Odette Tyler, however, was a distinct loss to our stage, and on this account her re-entry, although in unfamiliar roles, was welcomed cordially.



Morrison photo.

May Cargill.

In "The Great Ruby."

Odette Tyler did not fascinate New York audiences with her portrayal of such characters as *Desdemona*, *Portia* and *Juliet*. No more did she disgust them. Her husband, R. D. MacLean, received critical commendation as an elocutionary interpreter of *Othello* and *Shylock*. What the critics exactly mean by an "elocutionary interpretation," it is possible that the critics exactly know. But what the average critics exactly know about the just interpretation of Shakespearian roles is questionable. Charles B. Hanford, a veteran

and faithful associate of the late Thomas W. Keene, in every part in which he appeared with the MacLean-Tyler combination was received with genteel contemptuousness. Yet it is not inaccurate to estimate that Mr. Hanford must have been put through his paces in Shakespeare long before most of his glib contemners had once read "Hamlet" through. Indeed, if one omit Mr. Winter and two or three more who write dramatic critiques for the New York papers, it might be of interest to ascertain how many of the younger school of critics have read the plays of Shakespeare. We are fond of alluding to him as the "myriad-minded," and the "universal poet," but once we are rid of him in text-book form he becomes, in fact, as remote as Virgil.

Henry Miller, who, since he left the Empire stock company, has become somewhat of a memory to New York audi-

ences, will also venture with Shakespeare during his summer tour in the West. Alberta Gallatin, a talented and pains-taking actress, is to play *Ophelia* to Mr. Miller's *Hamlet*. Besides, Mr. Miller is to introduce "Lord and Lady Algy" to the frank patrons of the theatre beyond the Mississippi. Over there they are such fearless critics that Mr. Miller, it would seem, must reflect seriously upon the choice of the piece first to be introduced. Consider, for instance, the San Franciscans; if "Hamlet" be

first produced they may find no fault with the play and much with the actor. If "Lord and Lady Algy" be the initial bill, all their sympathy will undoubtedly be with the actor. Then the play may suffer, and the tenuous, artificial constitution of "Lord and Lady Algy" is not adapted to heroic trials.

As an indication of what we may expect to see next season it is not amiss to inform ourselves on what plays London is laughing, weeping or yawning over now. "Carnac Sahib," the drama of Indian life, written by Henry Arthur Jones for H. Beerbohm Tree, was cabled to be an utter failure on the first night. The only bright spots in that particular theatre firmament were the brilliant individual performances of Mrs. Brown-Potter and Frank Mills. Both players will at once be recognized as importations from our own stage. Frank Mills will be remembered for his work in the Lyceum com-



Miner photo.

Carrie Merrilees.

BETTY in "The Christlan."

pany a couple of years since, and Mrs. Brown-Potter's reputation dates back even farther. What was more regrettable to note in the cabled reports about "Carnac Sahib" was the very ungentlemanly row which occurred between actor-manager Tree and dramatist Jones at one of the final rehearsals. Both Mr. Tree and Mr. Jones were convinced that something was wrong with the production. To this extent they agreed admirably. But when Mr. Tree insinuated that the fault lay with the construction of the piece, Mr. Jones flatly

declared that the fault lay with the acting. Then the clangor and clashing of verbal arms broke out and reached to the vaulted dome of Her Majesty's Theatre. The latest information contains no allusion to the Tree-Jones encounter. We are told only that there is a very prosperous play season in progress, that audiences are flocking to all performances, "even to 'Carnac Sahib.'" This may mean that we are to get "even 'Carnac Sahib'" next fall.

Another example of the chameleonic quality of cabled reports of new plays is evidenced in the case of "The Tyranny of Tears," a comedy of temperament, by Haddon Chambers. The first news we had of this piece announced that it had been received with especial favor. Hardly a week later we read that "The Tyranny of Tears" had not proved so great a success as anticipated. Later still, the correspondents wrote that of the great audi-



Sarony photo.

Augusta Glose.

In "Because She Loved Him So."

ences attending the London theatres this spring "The Tyranny of Tears" is attracting a generous share. This postscript was at once interpreted to signify that "The Tyranny of Tears" would be John Drew's comedy for next season. Haddon Chambers wrote his play to the order of Charles Wyndham, and what Charles Wyndham produces successfully in London, John Drew may be counted upon to present successfully in the United States.

It is questionable whether A. W. Pinero's latest comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," will be offered to the taste of American audiences through the medium of the Lyceum company, which has been so steadfast to the author of "The Amazons." According to all reports "The Gay Lord Quex" is no whit less bright and clean-cut a comedy than any of Pinero's lighter work. What is more interesting, the play has been denounced by

a churchman as the most immoral seen on the British stage in years. It seems impossible that Mr. Pinero, who has hitherto shown exquisite taste, could sink to offend. It is preferable to wait until we are able to view "The Gay Lord Quex" in being, before we judge ourselves offended. Moreover, after the acclamation of "Zaza," are we tender of conscience?

It will be seen from a glance at the characters and the action of "The Gay Lord Quex" that, in the handling of a cheap dramatist and of an unrefined comedian, such material would have been like so much dynamite. Happily Arthur Wing Pinero is the most deft of modern playwrights; and John Hare, for whom "The Gay Lord Quex" has been written, is in the first rank of modern comedians. *Lord Quex* has labored without ceasing during an existence of forty-eight years



Chickering photo.

Edythe Skerrett.

In "Because She Loved Him So."

to earn unquestioned the reputation of being "the wickedest man in London." When he is assured of his unsavory laurels *Lord Quex* suddenly falls in love with the pure and unworldly girl, *Muriel*, not yet out of her teens. *Miss Muriel Fullgarney* is protected by an exceedingly acute sister, *Sophia*, who is proprietress of fashionable manicure parlors. Finding that the attachment of her little sister and the notorious lord has resulted in an engagement, the politic *Sophia* balks at no step to frustrate their intentions. She attempts even to inveigle the noble lord by her own graces. For once *Lord Quex* is uninfluenced. Circumstance, however, contrives a more sure scheme for the undoing of the betrothal of *Lord Quex*. He is invited to the country seat of *Muriel's* family. Here he encounters the *Duchess of Strood*, a particular friend of earlier and not better days. The *Duchess* endeavors to charm *Quex* as of old. She can succeed only in persuading him to make an appointment for a farewell meeting in her boudoir. The *Duchess* counts upon the usual ending of such farewell meetings, but unluckily for her ruse, *Quex* proves himself not at all the same gay *Lord Quex* of several years be-

fore. While *Quex* is cynically and most civilly parrying every insidious thrust of the ultra-romantic dame of *Strood*, he discovers that *Sophy Fullgarney* is eavesdropping. *Sophy* is here during the temporary absence of the maid of the *Duchess*. When *Quex* makes the *Duchess* aware of the fact that they are under espionage, the noble lady suffers an attack of anguish for her reputation. *Quex* allays her fears and devises a means for her escape. *Quex* then rings the bell as though the *Duchess* were summoning her maid. *Sophy Fullgarney* trips into the boudoir and the lord alertly locks the door behind her. *Quex* and the manicurist have a wild scene. *Sophy* threatens to lay his life bare to *Muriel*, while *Quex* retorts with insinuations of *So-*



Owen Fawcett.

As Mousqueton in "The King's Musketeer," with E. H. Sothern.



Eddowes photo.

Gertrude Norman.

Of Mrs. Flake's Company.

phy's probable reputation because of her meeting him in this room. *Quex* finally has *Sophy* so thoroughly appalled that she consents to write a letter, confessing that *Sophy Fullgarney* made and kept an engagement to meet *Lord Quex* in the boudoir of the *Duchess of Strood*. This letter is to be held as a means of protection until *Lord Quex* is securely wedded to *Muriel*. *Sophy* is about to depart utterly shattered in spirits, when she suddenly undergoes a complete revulsion of feeling. She is resolved to save her sister from such a man as *Quex* and challenges the noble libertine to do his worst. *Quex* is so positively aghast at her courage and self-sacrifice, that admiration rises superior to all other feeling, and handing back the letter, he says: "By God! You're a fine plucked 'un. You shall find that I'm a gentleman, for once, anyway!" This powerful scene closes the third act. In the fourth it seems inevitable that *Muriel* will elope with a young officer, *Bastling*. The necessary preliminaries to such a wed-

ding are being arranged, when *Sophy Fullgarney*, who has discovered that *Bastling* is not only as disreputable as *Quex*, but also a money-hunter, succeeds in showing up his ungracious real self before *Muriel*. At length this pure, beautiful English girl has no choice but union with a reformed rake. So ends the play.

It is plain that the Puritan element in England must revolt against such a true picture of certain social conditions. Meanwhile the theatre where John Hare is playing "The Gay Lord Quex" is crowded at every performance; newspaper writers are comparing Pinero with Congreve, and the Prince of Wales has named one of his race horses "The Gay Lord Quex."

The triumph of "Zaza" was destined to have its consequence, and the consequence is almost upon us. Some enterprising manager has discovered that once there was written a novel, entitled "Sapho," the main personage of which is a woman of the same stage possibilities as "Zaza." What a discovery!